

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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AMONG THE FIR-TREES, ETC.

From Fraser's Magazine.
AMONG THE FIR-TREES.

I.

On the bare hill-top, by the pinewood's edge,
how joyously rang the noise
Of the mountain wind in the topmost boughs! a
spell there was in its voice.
It drew me to leave the goodly sight of the
plain sweeping far away,
And enter the solemnly shaded depths to hear
what the trees would say.

II.

But no sooner I trod the russet floor than hushed
were the magic tones;
No stir but the flight of a startled bird, no
sound but my foot on the cones.
All silently rose the stately shafts, kirtled with
lichens gray,
And the sunlight-flakes on their reddening tops
were as still and unmoved as they.

III.

Was it joy or dread that pressed my heart? I
felt as one who must hear
Some long-kept secret, and knows not as yet if
it bring him hope or fear;
I stood as still as the solemn firs, and hearkened
with waiting mind;
Then I heard far away in the topmost boughs
the eternal sough of the wind.

IV.

And the thrill of that mystic murmur so entered
my listening heart,
That the very soul of the forest trees became
with my soul a part;
I seemed to be raised and borne aloft in that
ever-ascending strain,
With a throb too solemn and deep for joy, too
perfect and pure for pain.

V.

Many voices there are in Nature's choir, and
none but were good to hear
Had we mastered the laws of their music well,
and could read their meaning clear;
But we who can feel at Nature's touch cannot
think as yet with her thought,
And I only know that the sough of the firs with
a spell of its own is fraught.

VI.

For the wind when it howls in the chimneys at
night hath the heavy and dreary sound
Of the dull everlasting treadmill of life which
goes so wearily round;
And the choirs of waves on the long-drawn
sands, too well I hear in their strain
The throb of our human anguish deep, where
triumph wrestles with pain.

VII.

But neither passion nor sorrow I hear in this
rhythmic steady course,
Only the movement resistless and strong of some
all-pervading force;
The one universal life which moves the whole of
the outward plan,
Which throbs in winds, and waters, and flowers,
in insect, and bird, and man.

VIII.

O would that the unknown finer touch which
makes us other than those,
Did not hold us so far asunder in soul from
their harmony and repose!
The selfsame fountain doth life and growth to us
and to them impart,
But only at moments we taste and know the
peace which is Nature's heart.

IX.

And yet it may be that long, long hence, when
soons of effort have pass'd,
We shall come, not blindly impelled, but free,
to the orbit of order at last,
And a finer peace shall be wrought out of pain
than the stars in their courses know! —
Ah me! but my soul is in sorrow till then, and
the feet of the years are slow!

FOR EVER.

For ever and ever the reddening leaves
Float to the sodden grasses.
For ever and ever the shivering trees
Cower and shrink to the chilling breeze,
That sweeps from the far off sullen seas,
To wither them as it passes.

For ever and ever the low grey sky
Stoops o'er the sorrowful earth.
For ever and ever the steady rain
Falls on bare bleak hill, and barren plain,
And flashes on roof and window pane,
And hisses upon the hearth.
For ever and ever the weary thoughts
Are tracing the selfsame track.
For ever and ever, to and fro,
On the old unchanging road they go,
Through dreaming and waking, through joy
and woe,
Calling the dead hours back.

For ever and ever the tired heart
Ponders o'er evil done.
For ever and ever through cloud and gleam,
Tracing the course of the strong life stream,
And dreary and dull as the broken dream,
For ever the rain rains on.

All the Year Round.

From The North British Review.
THE POEMS OF SHELLEY.

AFTER all that has been written about Shelley, his personality is still a riddle; he is the only one of that group of great poets which adorned the first quarter of the nineteenth century in England, whose life is too unaccountable to throw light upon his writings. Even Byron, whose reputation has been so much debated, is really less perplexing. Of him we know enough at any rate to discuss; there is evidence to support a theory. Whenever Shelley's life comes to be written, the evidence will be of a different kind; many minute circumstances will have to be accumulated, many inconspicuous habits will have to be established, before we shall be able to understand the impression which he made upon all or almost all who lived with him. While we have to look at his life in outline, many things seem strange, grotesque, irrational; some appear positively repulsive; there is an inexplicable medley of loftiness and pettiness, of shrewdness and childishness, of self-devotion and self-indulgence. It is impossible upon such data to entertain the question—with which Mr. Rossetti sums up the biography prefixed to his edition of his poems—whether Shelley the man was worthy to be Shelley the poet, or to ascertain by what standard he desired to be tried, or by what standard we ought to try him. We cannot ascertain, with the materials before us, what was the charm of manner and of character which made it possible for so many good judges not only to love but to esteem a man whose organization was certainly diseased, whose habits were full of eccentricities, some of them unpleasing, and whose conduct was more than once incompatible with any theory of what was due to others. Perhaps, as a provisional theory, it would be most reasonable to conceive Shelley as something of a patrician Rousseau; there was the same abstract and ideal benevolence, the same tendency to find self-pity the choicest of luxuries, the same susceptibility to fanciful dangers and imaginary wrongs, the same neglect in the discharge of trifling obligations, the same impatience of ordinary social conven-

tions. It is hardly unfair to Shelley to connect his great and undeniable superiority to Rousseau with the fact that one was an aristocrat born and bred, and the other a bourgeois born and bred. Much of Rousseau's sordid sensuality is the natural exuberance of keen and overwrought feelings in a nature never trained to refinement by any early influence, and including coarse fibres of its own. His insane jealousies, his ferocious ingratitude, inexcusable as they were, are only too like what might have been expected from a man of the people, with an hysterical temperament, whose eloquent writings had given him a precarious hold upon an aristocratic society. It would be unjust to forget or to depreciate Shelley's practical and habitual generosity; and to say that freehand-edness is an aristocratic virtue is not a reflection on Shelley, but a compliment to aristocracies.

It is certainly impossible to separate Shelley's personality from his poetry, in the way in which Scott and Shakspeare can be separated from their writings. It has been said that Wordsworth could only represent three characters—Wordsworth at his best, and Wordsworth at his worst, and somebody else. Byron could embody no men, except his recollection of Ali Pasha, thrown into different attitudes, and relieved against different backgrounds, and tinged more or less deeply with his own remorse. His women all ring the changes on “the love of the vulture, the rage of the turtle;” they are all sultanases, soft or furious as the case may be. Byron, however, was at any rate a master of local colour; and his figures were never phantoms, though they might sometimes seem theatrical. But Shelley started with himself in fairyland, instead of with a distorted and idealized projection of himself in the Levant; he conceived poetry as embodying the highest moments of the highest minds; he knew no mind except his own; and he was certainly justified in ranking his own among the highest. His more ambitious poems are reflections of his aspirations: his lighter poems are reflections of his moods and his circumstances. The “Adonais” and the “Cenci” are the only two considerable poems where the

writer does not inculcate his peculiar opinions, though he early discovered that the direct dogmatism of "Queen Mab" was hardly to be considered artistic. Still the "Revolt of Islam," "Prometheus Unbound," "The Masque of Anarchy," are all thoroughly didactic; so are the fragments of two poems which would have been very elaborate if completed, "Prince Athanase" and the "Triumph of Life." Even "Alastor" is made to inculcate the moral that an anti-social temperament is a curse which no genius, no purity, no devotion, no benevolence, can defeat. "Adonais" itself, though it is not written for any opinion, is visibly written from opinions like the rest. Under these circumstances, Mr. Rossetti did well to bring together the scanty material for ascertaining Shelley's opinions. It is scarcely a paradox to say that his opinions are the harder to ascertain, from the great importance he attached to them. We have a great deal of fervour and comparatively little statement. Some vital change in the thoughts and actions of all mankind is indispensable; the poet insists vehemently on the necessity and urgency of this, and the benefits to be expected from it; but the change itself remains obscure, owing to this very vehemence. Tyranny and superstition are to be rooted up, and then —

"Here the voice warbled and changed like a bird's,

There was more of the music and less of the words."

This obscurity gives their value to the fragmentary prose treatises and to the remaining records of Shelley's conversation; they are the only sources for discovering what thoughts fed his desires.

Perhaps the newest and certainly the most significant of Mr. Rossetti's points, is the abiding influence of Berkeley on Shelley's speculations, which serves to explain, among other things, his habit of coupling Plato and Bacon as objects of admiration. He believed that those two great names belonged to kindred spirits; and we find an adequate explanation of his position in the influence of Bishop Berkeley, who stood himself at the meeting-point of Greek idealism and English inductive

psychology. As Shelley was at no time a systematic student, he naturally adopted only what suited him. In fact he speaks in 1820 of being already long convinced, in 1812, when Berkeley's works were borrowed for him, of the truth of Berkeley's aphorism: "The mind can create nothing, it can only perceive." This, of course, is inconsistent with Berkeley's systematic doctrine, that nothing can be said to exist except mind and its perceptions. For the Mind which, according to Berkeley, presents to all other minds the ideas which they perceive, must surely be said qua mind to create; and this applies even to other minds, since they give existence to their objects by perceiving them. But this dualism is really more in harmony with Berkeley's original starting-point, and with the ordinary working of the human mind, than the conclusion which he actually adopted; and it may be an open question whether Shelley or Berkeley is to blame for misrepresenting the central idea of Berkeley's philosophy. It was naturally impossible to Shelley, as a dualist, to be a theist in any ordinary sense. It was still more impossible for him to be a pantheist. But it may fairly be said that he conceived both mind and nature in a pantheistic way; each was a force one in itself, and manifold in its forms. Of course the individual soul could be no more than one of the forms of universal mind; and the question of personal immortality becomes one of very subordinate importance. Mind and nature are imperishable through all their different transformations; and Shelley believed that their transformations were, upon the whole, stages of an assured and illimitable though not uninterrupted progress. Whether any of the forms of mind, any parts of the universal intellect (Shelley seems not to have decided between these alternative metaphors, though each is a theory) can preserve a permanent and continuous existence, was not an important question to one so gregarious as Shelley in his dreams of happiness. When the good time came, when all space overflowed with the simple glee of universal brotherhood, it would matter little if one of the blessed should be able to recollect that he

had sung and panted and sobbed for it in days when all men were not yet brothers, and when many men were unhappy. As his wishes were not too deeply interested, he was able to estimate calmly how little evidence there was for answering the question so stated; he was content to have some hopes and no fears, and to believe that the country beyond the grave was not foreign to men's interests or desires. It is difficult to believe that this indifference to questions aloof from his keenest feelings would not have disqualified him as a metaphysician, though he had undeniable metaphysical talent. Both his imagination and his intellect were admirably fitted to deal with abstractions; and no reader of "Queen Mab" and "Peter Bell" can deny his great dialectical acuteness. It was natural that one so gifted should have hesitated as to his way, especially as at an early age it seems more important to an intelligent person to have grasped neglected truth than to have produced immature poetry. If Shelley erred in the matter he may protect himself by the authority of Goethe, who, after completing his greatest poem, in the height of his poetical reputation, regretted that he had not devoted himself to physical science. It is true that Goethe did make discoveries in physics, which Shelley did not make in metaphysics; but Shelley in his lifetime was never appreciated as a poet, and might be pardoned for forgetting that his imagination was too luxuriant and his intellect too impatient for a metaphysician.

This intellectual impatience was the chief reason that Shelley's protests against the political injustice of his time fell flat upon the public ear. A political theory always requires an historical theory to back it; and Shelley was too impatient of history ever to have an historical theory. It would be unjust to say that he had no political instinct; he perceived before most Englishmen of his day how much force lay in the simple expression of the will of large popular masses, even when they had no constitutional means of enforcing that will, and abstained from tangible threats of extra-constitutional action. As his fastidious humanity repudiated the violent

means by which all previous revolutions, good or bad, had been effected, the merit of the discovery must be divided between his head and his heart. The same delicate philanthropy made it possible for men like Medwin to claim Shelley's acquiescence as a support for their own prudent moderation, though there is no reason to think that he ever wavered in his adhesion to his own absolute theories, however he may have been perplexed as to their peaceful application.

The same incuriousness of a mind whose activity was uncertain and capricious had its effect on Shelley's views on art. It can scarcely be thought that when he joined in eulogizing the ideal beauty of Guido, and the Titanic sublimity of Salvator Rosa, he only exhibited the docility of untrained enthusiasm. Unintelligent admiration of Michel Angelo was enforced by a much stronger tradition; and yet Shelley judged him with absolute independence, in fact with something like summary contempt. Like Gibson, he was repelled by the prodigality of visible effort in his most magnificent works, and was at one time inclined to relegate him to death and hell to seek appropriate subjects. If he admired Guido and Salvator without reserve, it was because they suited him. To critics for whom the end of art is art as truth those artists may reasonably appear empty and showy and subjective; but Shelley thought the end of art and nature was to feed human emotion. Guido ministers abundantly to two favourite emotions of Shelley's—ecstatic reverie and sentimental self-duty. The graceful gladness of the "Aurora" ministers to an emotion which he prized even more, because it was less familiar. The fantastic gloom, the feverish passion, the vindictive energy of Salvator are the expression of a feeling too genuine not to be sometimes contagious, even when too visibly displayed for effect. Shelley was not a man to reject such attractions because they appeared in a debased school during a period of artistic decline. All critical classifications were odious to him, partly because he did not understand them, partly because he saw beyond them. Nothing about him is more remarkable than the combination of

extreme exclusiveness of opinion with the widest inclusiveness of taste. There is not a word in his writings from which it could be gathered that he believed Judaism to have conferred a single service upon humanity; but he was unreserved in his admiration for the poetry of the Old Testament. There is nothing to show that he sympathized with any single aspect of Catholicism, except perhaps with the cultus of the Blessed Virgin; he certainly detested its hierarchical organization with his whole strength; and not the least reason for his detestation was that the Catholic hierarchy gave a willing support to the monarchies of the counter reformation and the counter revolution. Yet he was the first to introduce Calderon to the English public; and it never occurred to him to make any reserve in his praise of the poet of the Inquisition. Even in *Æschylus* there was much to repel him; the father of Attic tragedy was orthodox, superstitious, and conservative. But Shelley speaks quite simply of his sublimity. He instinctively separated other men's opinions from their poetry, though his own poetry was always charged strongly with his opinions. Perhaps he was attracted to *Æschylus* and Calderon by an affinity of genius. With less robustness of nature, he had the same enjoyment as *Æschylus* in piling up grandiose thoughts, gigantic images, and sonorous diction; he is *Æschylean* wherever he is classical in his wonderful "Prometheus Unbound." His affinity to Calderon is remoter, perhaps deeper. His music is infinitely more manifold and subtle; his imagery is even more profuse; he has nothing of Calderon's sunny clearness and serenity. But he has very much in common with his naked mysticism. The "Sensitive Plant" shows that he possessed in perfection Calderon's gift of stimulating and baffling the imagination and the intellect, not by conceptions too vast to be adequate, or by symbols too significant to be fixed, but by the most concrete and simple images.

The influence of *Æschylus* and Calderon belongs to the period when Shelley had decided that poetry was upon the whole to be his work in life, and deliberately educated himself for it, as Mrs. Shelley has informed us. In his earlier writings he was influenced by much less distinguished names. There is no poet whose point of departure can be fixed more clearly. It is significant that he should have been attracted at first by artists so inferior to himself as Moore and G. M. Lewis, and

have adopted from Southeby the metre of his first considerable work. Wordsworth began as a continuator of Cowper, and became original by heightening and deepening his tone immeasurably, rather than by changing his direction. Scott began with the ballads of the Border, and with the German imitations of them; his first considerable poem borrowed its form from the "Christabel" of Coleridge, perhaps the most inventive and the least productive of that great group of contemporaries. Byron began with the wit and the pathos of the eighteenth century: his Turkish Tales are visibly suggested by Scott, though they eclipsed his popularity. Keats began by reproducing and exaggerating the sensuous profusion of one side of Elizabethan art; he continued till the end assimilating and reproducing the tone of one period after another, and enriching each with the complexity and intensity of a thoroughly modern mind. All these great poets valued the writers of whose tendencies their first attempts were a continuation for the positive worth of their results, which served for a time to satisfy both their imagination and their intellect. Shelley, it is obvious, followed a different course. When he chose to exercise it, his critical faculty was keen, sound, and subtle; but his instinctive preferences were independent of his critical faculty. What he sought spontaneously and found in Lewis and Moore was not a satisfaction, but a stimulus. Nothing of Lewis's, and little of Moore's, is satisfactory in the sense that it will bear to be contemplated calmly; but to keen feelings, that require the relief of expression, each of them is all that need be desired. Shelley's natural motives in poetry were horror and tenderness. As almost all that he imagined was imagined for these moods, it was natural that he should imitate Lewis and Moore in the Early Poems, such as "Mutability," and "Stanzas, April 1814." The last of these, without a single verbal imitation, recalls Moore at his very best, with his utmost subtlety of feeling and rhythm:—

"The cloud shadows of midnight possess their
own repose,
For the weary winds are silent and the moon
is in the deep,
Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean
knows;
Whatever moves, or toils, or grieves, hath
its appointed sleep.
Thou in the grave shalt rest — yet till the
phantoms flee
Which that house and heath and garden
made dear to thee erewhile,

Thy remembrance, and repentance, and deep
musings, are not free
From the music of two voices, and the light
of one sweet smile."

The stanzas on "Death" are even more remarkable, for they represent a visible transition of manner.

"The pale, the cold, and the moony smile
Which the meteor-beam of a starless night
Sheds on a lonely and sea-girt isle,
Ere the dawning of morn's undoubted
light."

is Moore at his best. But the two lines that complete the stanza are too deep and too sad for him; and the poem passes through boyish stoicism into such characteristic utterances as

"This world is the nurse of all we know;
This world is the mother of all we feel;"

and

"Who telleth a tale of unspeaking death?
Who lifteth the veil of what is to come?
Who painteth the shadows that are beneath
The wide-winding caves of the peopled
tomb?"

It is more difficult to account for the influence of Southey, with whom in reality Shelley had scarcely anything in common, except that Southey had once been an admirer of the French Revolution. What had been merely the fever of youth with Southey, was the passion of life with Shelley. Perhaps the same may be said of their poetry as of their politics. Southey was a man of letters, who had written poems, and only needed encouragement to make him rise early and write more before he began the day's work. Shelley was a poet. Probably he was attracted by Southey's stoicism, as he was attracted by the apparent force and repose of Godwin; and besides, the remoteness and ideality of "Thalaba," might seem to express an ambition akin to his own. "Thalaba" is the only poem of Southey's which he seems to have valued; and his admiration of this is a proof of the great importance he assigned to intention in poetry. Much of the elevation of "Thalaba" is conventional; much of its fluency is mechanical; but its intention, though over-didactic, is really rare and admirable; and Shelley's own inspiration and enthusiasm threw a glow over what interested him, which more than sufficed to cover such defects of execution.

"Queen Mab" is the only poem written in the unrhymed, lyrical iambic metre of "Thalaba." The only difference is that

Shelley, trusting to his own sense of melody, continues the movement of each stanza longer, and is less careful to vary the length of line; in fact, the latter part is mostly written in blank verse, with an occasional octosyllabic at the beginning or end of a paragraph. In this didactic poem he is as uncompromising as Lucretius or Parmenides in his intention to teach, so that it can hardly be appraised, like the Georgics, by its beauties. It must be judged by the poetical value of the view of the universe which it inculcates, and of the machinery which is used to inculcate it. Though it was completed before the author was twenty-one, the machinery is already worthy of him. The evocation of Ianthe's spirit from her body, and the apparition of the fairy car, are full of the ghostly moonlit beauty that was afterwards to find a more complete expression in "Marianne's Dream" and "Epipsychedion." The exposition of the past, the present, and the future might have been very impressive if the writer had been capable of conceiving any organic unity whatever; but in Shelley's mind equality and fraternity excluded all possibility of subordination, and consequently of organization. Hence the grandeur of the universe disappears in a vague immensity of noise and emptiness; and the visions of endless progress simply dazzle without satisfying, because progress is measured not by its approximation to a higher standard of positive perfection, but by the number of the restrictions that are surmounted, and by the errors that are left behind.

In fact, an historical view of human society was a curious enterprise for such a thoroughly unhistorical mind; even a scientific hierarchy was inconceivable to a spirit that was constantly seeking refuge in nature from the littleness and degradation of man. With Shelley as with Bacon, the glory of man was simply to be "naturæ minister et interpres," not to be himself the highest product of her forces, the clearest expression of her laws. But Bacon looked forward to the time when man would conquer nature by understanding her, and subdue her into an order which would work more easily and securely while becoming more complex: Shelley looked for the reward of intelligent obedience, not in the subjugation of nature, but in the emancipation of man. Bacon expected that a clearer knowledge would enable men to indulge in superfluities acquired without disproportionate effort: Shelley expected that a clearer knowledge would deliver men from their desire of superflu-

ties, and from all the painful complications it involves, without the pain of self-denial. Bacon's ideal was a progressive civilization: Shelley's was the Saturnian age, a perpetual vegetarian picnic for the body, and endless expansion of fraternity for the mind. To him the philosophy of history is simply the explanation of the mistakes which have hitherto rendered this simple and rational felicity impossible, and philosophy itself has only to explain its conditions, which, when stated, are almost self-evident. A development is affirmed, indeed, through which spirits are compelled to pass in order to fit them to share the ecstasies of this rudimentary paradox; but very little is done to show in what this development consists. Even its necessity is not very apparent; for an impulsive happiness and a spontaneous virtue have little to gain by a conflict with evil, though such a conflict is necessary to strengthen the sense of duty, an idea which has no natural place in the ethics of "Queen Mab." But it was indispensable to vindicate the beneficence of Necessity, the mother of the world.

A poem which is conscientiously sacrificed to the exposition of a theory cannot be very poetical; and in this case the philosophy is about on a par with the poetry. Very often a passage which might be beautiful is marred because the writer is eager to stoop to truth and moralize his song.

" There was a little light
That twinkled in the misty distance:
None but a spirit's eye
Might ken that rolling orb;
None but a spirit's eye,
And in no other place
But that celestial dwelling, might behold
Each action of this earth's inhabitants."

This is a high fancy worthily expressed; but the writer goes on to be didactic:

" But matter, space and time,
In those aerial mansions cease to act;
And all-prevailing wisdom, when it reaps
The harvest of its excellence, o'erbounds
Those obstacles of which an earthly soul
Fears to attempt the conquest."

Could anything be colder?

" How beautiful this night! The balmy sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's
ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's
ebon vault
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded gran-
deur rolls,

Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle
hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow,
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless that their white and glittering
spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam, yon castled
steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn
tower
So idly that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace — ”

In the way of mere description nothing could be more beautiful; but it has to be utilized: —

“ all form a scene
Where musing solitude may love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.”

The last hemistich redeems it as a description; but after all it has been of little use. Even Ahasuerus is introduced rather coldly as

“ a wondrous phantom from the depths
Of human error's dense and purblind faith.”

It is proverbially difficult to manage the supernatural when half-believed; but in "Prometheus Unbound" the same difficulty is overcome in dealing with the phantasm of Jupiter; and in "Hellas" the difficulty has disappeared, for Ahasuerus is allowed to appear to Mahmud without any impertinent speculation as to whether he belonged to history or mythology. Even in "Queen Mab" his appearance is impressive when he is allowed to come; and his criticism of revealed religion is quite equal for incisiveness and thoroughness to Milton's criticism of Athenian civilization in *Paradise Regained*. Only Milton is more impartial; he admits a statement of its bright side too, though it is put into the mouth of the tempter. The character of Ahasuerus is of course only a sketch, based more or less consciously on Milton's Satan, and already containing a prophecy of "Prometheus Unbound."

“ Thus have I stood — through a wild waste of
years
Struggling with whirlwinds of mad agony,
Yet peaceful, and serene, and self-enshrined,
Mocking my powerless tyrant's horrible curse
With stubborn and unalterable will,
Even as a giant oak, which heaven's fierce
flame
Had seathed in the wilderness, to stand
A monument of fadeless ruin there;
Yet peacefully and movelessly it braves

The midnight conflict of the wintry storm,
As in the sunlight's calm it spreads
Its torn and withered arms on high
To meet the quiet of a summer's noon."

The influence of "Thalaba" did not exhaust itself with the completion of "Queen Mab." We have Mrs. Shelley's authority for the statement that Thalaba's voyage suggested Alastor's, though Mr. Rossetti is probably right in supposing that Shelley's own experience of river scenery on the Rhine was not without its influence. Even apart from this circumstance the poem is certainly personal. It was written when Shelley thought he was dying; and it contains the thoughts with which he reconciled his imagination to the idea of death. It is the first poem in which his characteristics appear in their perfection of richness if not yet in their perfection of unity and intensity. It is full of beauties; indeed it is made up of them. One cannot see the poem for the poetry. In one respect this is fortunate; for the story is slight and the subject too sentimental, it might almost be said too mawkish, to be very interesting. Both the invocation and the valediction are on the full scale of the epic, both in extent and majesty; and together they occupy more than an eighth of the poem, while the separable comments certainly occupy as much more. The story is soon told: — A poet who has had all the experience of travel and education which Shelley would have wished to have, has had a vision of one who combines all that Shelley would have wished to desire or possess in the way of female loveliness; he pursues it; and he dies in the pursuit.

The poem itself is not long; but a commentary might be voluminous without exhausting the analysis of its complex and varied sweetness. The peculiar charm, the independent inspiration of Shelley's own genius are unmistakable already; but they do not yet appear alone; they are blended with all manner of reminiscences of elder poets, some clear and deliberate, others fugitive and evanescent. The exordium is marvellously like and unlike Milton. The proud self-consciousness of the poet's enumeration of his qualifications for his task is quite in the spirit of the great Puritan; but the details and the feeling of the invocation contrast vividly with the severity of the framework. One might fancy that Milton had impressed Shelley through Wordsworth, whose "Excursion" appeared about a year before "Alastor"; but if the solemnity is like him the tenderness and the abandon are not. He might have written:

" If our great mother have imbued my soul
With aught of natural piety to feel
Your love, and recompense the boon with
mine;"

or:

" If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast
I consciously have injured, but still loved
And cherished these my kindred; — then for-
give
This boast, beloved brethren, and withdraw
No portion of your wonted favour now!"

But he could hardly have written:

" If spring's voluptuous pantings, when she
breathes
Her first sweet kisses, have been dear to me."

There is a distinct echo of Milton in

" The secret caves,
Rugged and dark, winding among the springs,
Of fire and poison, inaccessible
To avarice or pride, their starry domes
Of diamond and of gold expand above
Numberless and immeasurable halls,
Frequent with crystal column, and clear shrines
Of pearl, and thrones radiant with chrysolite."

And there is all Milton's art in the juxtaposition of proper names in:

" Athens, and Tyre, and Balbec, and the waste
Where stood Jerusalem, the fallen towers
Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,
Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoe'er of
strange
Sculptured on alabaster obelisk,
Or jasper tomb, or mutilated sphynx,
Dark Ethiopia on her desert hills
Conceals."

And again in:

" Through Arabia
And Persia, and the wild Carmanian waste,
And o'er the aerial mountains which pour down
Indus and Oxus from their icy caves."

The first paragraph of the story does not recall any single manner, and yet recalls too much of previous literature to be accepted as a perfectly individual and independent embodiment of original thoughts in an original style, such as Shelley subsequently attained. It would be nearest to the truth to say that the imagery and versification resemble, while they surpass, the imagery and versification of the poets of the eighteenth century, who endeavoured, more or less consciously and successfully, to recover the tone of the "Elizabethan Age." There is even a touch of the *Vicar of Wakefield* in:

" He has bought
With his sweet voice and eyes from savage men
His rest and food."

The following extract is a deeper echo of the eighteenth century, but of eighteenth century reminiscences of the past :—

“ O storm of Death!
Whose sightless speed divides this sullen night!
And thou, colossal skeleton, that, still
Guiding its irresistible career
In thy devastating omnipotence,
Art king of this frail world, *from the red field*
Of slaughter, from the reeking hospital,
The patriot's sacred couch, the snowy bed
Of innocence, the scaffold and the throne,
A mighty voice invokes thee! Ruin calls
His brother Death! A rare and regal prey
He hath prepared, prowling around the world;
Glutted with which thou may'st repose, and men
Go to their graves like flowers or creeping
worms,
Nor ever offer more at thy dark shrine
The unheeded tribute of a broken heart.”

This is the sublime of Young and Pollok and Akenside; it is the sublime they desired, but could not attain. The following extract may serve as a specimen of eighteenth century profundity :—

“ Now on the polished stones
It danced like childhood laughing as it went:
Then, through the plain in tranquil wanderings
crept,
Reflecting every herb and drooping bud
That overhang its quietness. O stream
Whose source is inaccessibly profound,
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend?
Thou imagest my life. Thy darksome stillness,
Thy dazzling waves, thy loud and hollow gulfs,
Thy searchless fountain, and invisible course
Have each their type in me.”

Of course these resemblances are not alleged to suggest any doubt of Shelley's literary independence; for he was more independent than any of his contemporaries, except Wordsworth, and, perhaps, Coleridge and Scott. In fact, except when he resembles Milton or Wordsworth, he is so decidedly superior to his predecessors that we should almost hesitate to acknowledge their influence if he had been as exclusive in his sympathies as he was refined in production. Our last extract from “ Alastor ” is in Shelley's own unique and distinctive manner.

“ Roused by the shock, he started from his
trance —
The cold white light of morning, the blue
moon
Low in the west, the clear and garish hills,
The distinct valley and the vacant woods,
Spread round him where he stood. Whither
have fled
The hues of heaven that canopied his bower
Of yesternight? the sounds that soothed his
sleep,

The mystery and the majesty of earth,
The joy, the exultation? His wan eyes
Gaze on the empty scene as vacantly
As ocean's moon looks on the moon in heaven.
The spirit of sweet human love has sent
A vision to the sleep of him who spurned
Her choicest gifts.* He eagerly pursues
Beyond the realms of dream that fleeting
shade;
He overleaps the bounds. Alas! alas!
Were limbs and breath and being intertwined
Thus treacherously? Lost, lost, for ever lost
In the wide pathless desert of dim sleep.
That beautiful shape! Does the dark gate of
death
Conduct to thy mysterious paradise,
O Sleep? Does the bright arch of rainbow
clouds,
And pendent mountains seen in the calm lake,
Lead only to a black and watery depth,
While death's blue vault with loathliest va-
pours hung,
Where every shade which the foul grave ex-
hales
Hides its dead eye from the deserted day,
Conduct, O Sleep, to thy delightful realms?

Here is the very essence of Shelley — a delicious imagination in the service of a feverish unearthly reverie. The landscape, the feeling, the melody of the versification, all combine in one impression of shivering loneliness. There is nothing of the pathetic fallacy in the description of the landscape; and there is nothing of the otiose luxuriance which we find elsewhere in this and later poems. Not a single image is introduced simply because it is beautiful, not a single epithet is falsified in order to make “ mute Nature mourn her worshipper.” The aspect of outward things is made to reflect the temper of Alastor, because it has been made to fashion it; or rather we are made to feel that the unity between the scene and the spectator is deeper than consciousness, too deep for sentiment. And the fervour of the passage is on a par with its remoteness, its truth, and its subtlety. Even when it is remembered that Shelley was Alastor, it is wonderful that he should have thrown himself with such eagerness into the imaginary sorrows of an imaginary being. It must be admitted, if we feel for Alastor at all, that his airy trouble leaves both the poet and the reader less calm than the substantial affliction of Elaine. Even when he had finished “ Alastor,” Shelley did not at once throw off the tender brooding depression which the thought of early death had left upon

* Apparently the Arab's daughter, who idolizes Alastor, and waits upon him in the desert, and is clearly taken for temporary use from Thalaba.

him. The poems written in 1816 include a lovely little set of verses called "The Sunset," which resumes the situation of "Alastor" from a simpler point of view. This time the poet dies of his own genius, and is parted from one lady whom he has already found; and the interest of the poem which, within its narrow limits, is far more complete and satisfactory than its predecessor, lies in her patient and reverent sorrow. The same source of interest is touched once more in the introductory canto of the "Revolt of Islam," where Cythna writes how

"A dying poet gave me books, and blest
With wild but holy talk the sweet unrest
In which I watched him as he died away —
A youth with hoary hair — a fleeting guest
Of our lone mountains."

The two other poems, written in 1816, are less interesting. "Mont Blanc" has all Shelley's pomp and splendour of language, and it must be added that, like many of his writings, it combines a visible intellectual ambition with an unmistakable poverty of thought.

"The everlasting universe of things
Flows through the mind, and rolls its rapid
waves,
Now dark — now glittering — now re-
flecting gloom —
Now lending splendour, where from secret
springs
The source of human thought its tribute
brings
Of waters — with a sound but half its
own,
Such as a feeble brook will oft assume
In the wild woods, among the mountains
alone,
Where waterfalls around it leap for ever,
Where woods and winds contend, and a vast
river
Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves."

This is meant to be splendid; and it is splendid. If it were not meant to be profound, it would hardly suggest "a tale of little meaning though the words are strong." And so the the torrent of eloquent imagery rolls on. The magnificent scenery of Mont Blanc is magnificently described. Even a captious critic would scarcely venture to object to a superfluity of metaphor, if metaphors and descriptions were not pompously employed to point the empty moral that it is wonderful that nature should affect the human mind; nor is the barren grandiloquence of the poem as a whole really redeemed by the brilliant Berkeleyan paradox which is placed at the end to do duty as a thought. The "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" is solemn

and sweet, but too visibly didactic; and there is something of pedantry and egotism in the way in which Shelley insists upon his fidelity in propagating the worship of an unfruitful and rather uninteresting abstraction.

His next considerable work will long be memorable as the most magnificent failure in the English language, if at least posterity retains the piety which has hitherto accepted *Paradise Lost* as a success. The "Revolt of Islam" does not fail, like "Endymion," because the author did not know what he intended to do, or because the performance came short of the intention. From beginning to end there is no trace of immaturity or incompleteness or inequality. The subject is completely exhibited; and the medium of exhibition is uniformly rich and appropriately varied. But the subject is absurd; and the style harmonizes with its absurdity. The poem, we are told, and it is easy to believe, was composed in little more than six months; and that period was devoted to the task "with unremitting ardour and enthusiasm," which was not wonderful, as the poem consists of five or six hundred Spenserian stanzas, or between four and five thousand lines, and was produced by "a series of thoughts which filled" Shelley's "mind with unbounded and sustained enthusiasm." He was quite right in resisting the temptation to correct it. No correction was possible; indeed, apart from an occasional neglect of rhyme, no correction was necessary. The poem was written when Shelley was smarting under the decision which deprived him of the children of the wife from whom he had decided to part, and was harassed besides by the collisions with his own family, "to which his peculiar views of duty and liberty exposed him." He felt that he had a right to be indignant; and he was too proud and too generous to express his indignation at individual grievances as they affected himself. Accordingly, he set forth poetically an ideal representation of the principles of revolution and of order — the order from which he suffered. With no visible literary motive, he took the pains to outrage contemporary sentiment, by making his orphan lovers brother and sister, as well as atheists and republicans. Of course, there is a play of Ford's and a play of Byron's which prove that the source of poetical interest to which he appealed was very powerful; but the appeal can scarcely have been very serious; the alteration and omission of fifty lines at most was sufficient to suppress all sign

that it had been made. The story is simply childish. The population of European Turkey passes from slavery and degradation to liberty and virtue, because a male and female enthusiast, both of whom complacently relate the history of their own insanity, recover sufficiently to propagate the finest sentiments and convert everybody, including the Janizzaries and the Sultan, who is treated very respectfully on his abdication, and allowed as much pageantry as an Indian prince. A grand picnic is held to inaugurate the republic; in the midst of the rejoicings, the troops of the coalition arrive, to the surprise of every one except the Sultan. Then a counter revolution of the Neapolitan type takes place. The hero and heroine escape together from its manifold horrors; but an inquisitor, who feels that there is more scope for his energies in Islam than in Christendom, takes advantage of a pestilence to preach the solidarity of persecutors, and extorts an edict that Laon and Cythna shall be burnt alive. Laon appears in disguise before the Divan, and, after a last sermon on the blessings of toleration, gives himself up on condition that Cythna is sent safe to America. Of course she appears in time to insist upon sharing his fate. Her glorified spirit conducts Shelley in a magic boat to a magic island, after he has witnessed an exciting contest, which is beautifully described, between the eagle of despotism and the dragon of democracy, whose defeat is symbolical of the final collapse of the French revolution at Waterloo. There Laon relates their joint adventures, which, atheism and republicanism apart, are such stuff as children tell to one another when they lie awake in bed. It need not be stated that Shelley had the imagination of a man, but he set it to work not on his experience, but on his desires, as if he had been a child. Some of his desires were the direct product of his rare and delicate organization; and when his imagination was set to work upon them, he produced poems like "Alastor;" others were the product of his crude opinions and unprofitable sympathies; and from these he produced poems like the "Revolt of Islam." He lived a double life. He was proud of one side of it; the other he regarded with a pity that was near akin to shame. He was gregarious in principle and a hermit in practice, a vapid humanitarian who mistook moral declamation for philosophical poetry, and an inspired soliloquy whose sick fancies crystallized into priceless jewels.

"Rosalind and Helen" is a poem of a kind which is not common in Shelley's works. It is visibly an expression of his own experience; and for that reason he spoke of it contemptuously. He wrote it under the influence of a double sorrow. His children had been taken from him in the name of social orthodoxy; his love had come into collision with the opinion of his countrymen upon marriage. His sorrow is idealized and divided between two ladies. Rosalind has given up Helen for her unwedded love, and has to take shelter with her in Italy at the foot of the Splügen, when her dead husband has taken her children from her by a slanderous will. The meeting of the destitute widows (for Helen's lover is dead, and has left her his all in vain), is thoroughly graceful and pathetic; and there is something almost angelic in the calm with which Helen receives Rosalind's reproaches without meeting them or being humbled by them, and only replies by a soothing tenderness that has almost a touch of patronage. The delicacy of Helen's son, too, combines admirably with his boyish cheerfulness, and serves to prevent the poem becoming too lachrymose. To write such a poem does not require such a genius as Shelley. It stands upon a comparatively low level; and it is natural to regard it as the highest work of an inferior man. But when those allowances are made, it remains one of the most satisfactory poems of its class, one of the sweetest and most beautiful, and, above all, the most natural; there is nothing of that deliberate abstraction of manner, that artificial solemnity of plainness, which is often found in idylls and dramatic lyrics of the present day. Shelley wrote of daily life just as he wrote of what he considered to be ideal life—with easy freedom and abundant grace; now people write of daily life because they fear that there is something unreal in writing about anything else; and, under such a sense of responsibility, there is sure to be something unnatural and uneasy in their way of looking at the subject they approve.

Mrs. Shelley certainly deserved well of mankind in persuading her husband to conquer his contemptuous disinclination to finish "Rosalind and Helen;" she deserved equally well in allowing him to leave "Prince Athanase" a fragment. The scheme of the poem was an improvement upon "Alastor." The hero was to be bewildered by Aphrodite Pandemos through life, and only meet Aphrodite Urania in death; but unfortunately, as the poem began, it was more than doubtful whether the hero would have met even Pandemos.

When Shelley once began upon his history and personality, it was impossible for him to finish; happily he had sense to perceive the danger of becoming morbid in "an attempt at excessive refinement and analysis." The weakness which he could suspect but not overcome is to be regretted; for his theory of the seamy side of love might have been an addition to our knowledge of the subject, and would certainly have been an addition to our knowledge of the author. As it is, we are left to make what we can of "Julian and Maddalo," on the whole the least interesting of his poems. It is a clinical lecture on a madman who plays upon the piano, and has been deserted for unexplained reasons by a lady of unexplained character. Maddalo, who is meant for Byron, naturally thinks this unfortunate gentleman a case in point in support of pessimism; Julian, who is Shelley, thinks that his misfortunes can be explained upon principles of optimism. Of course the discussion is sometimes clever, and the ravings are sometimes heart-rending; but the discussion is made hard and inconclusive, and the ravings give no glimpse of an ideal situation. It is chiefly valuable for the discreet and kindly appreciation of Byron's character in the preface. It shows that Shelley understood Byron better than Byron understood him; and perhaps this might be taken for a note of Shelley's superiority, which Byron acknowledged without analyzing the vague homage. "If Shelley were appreciated, where should I be?" is best understood as a confession that when Shelley did his best he aimed at something higher in kind and not only in degree; while it proves that Byron was too proud or too generous to remember that he did his best much more readily and certainly than Shelley, and that his second best was more satisfying than Shelley's, as well as more intelligible.

"Prometheus Unbound" was written at Rome on the rich ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, after the writer had been revelling in the Italian opera and the ballet in London. Besides these influences of circumstance, it bears traces of a double literary affinity. One might even question whether the Walpurgis Nacht in *Faust* has not had a stronger effect upon its structure than the "Prometheus Bound;" only what is an episode in Goethe is expanded into the substance of one of Shelley's greatest works. Any reader going through it for the second time will be surprised to see how little there is of Prometheus, and even of Asia and Panthea, in proportion to the crowd of Voices, and Echoes, and Spirits, and Earth, and Moon, and the like.

To borrow a metaphor from music, the accompaniments overpower the air. This is of less consequence, because no super-human poetry can be adequate; and the danger is greater when the poet is aware of it. The only resource in such a case is that of the painter who covered Agamemnon's face. The curse of Prometheus would have impressed us if we had never heard it spoken; the utmost of horror has been reached when the effects of the curse have been described; it was impossible (though the curse is very fierce and very eloquent) to present anything so terrible as we have been led to expect. It is to be observed also, that nothing whatever comes of Prometheus' desire to hear a repetition of his curse. It serves, no doubt, to explain the situation; but in a well-constructed tragedy the first scene, especially when it is so laboured and magnificent, ought to serve for something more. Even the Furies come and go without producing any perceptible effect; and their threats of what they will do are so dreadful that what they actually do seems tame. The third Fury has said:

"Thou think'st we will live through thee, one
by one,
Like animal life, and though we can obscure
not
The soul that burns within, that we will dwell
Beside it, like a vain loud multitude
Vexing the self-content of wisest men:
That we will be dread thought beneath thy
brain,
And foul desire round thine astonished heart,
And blood within thy labyrinthine veins
Crawling like agony."

This, it appears, is not enough. The whole family is invoked from the ends of the earth to produce a greater and more subtle torment; and all they can do is to exhibit a vision of the bad effects, as conceived by Shelley, of knowledge and the Crucifixion. It is an obvious criticism that Prometheus must have foreseen these, even if he did not know them historically, which he probably did as the three thousand years assigned as the term of his sufferings already past would bring the action within the limits of the present century. Throughout the play the scenes, according to the extreme of the English and Spanish method, exhibit the action without forwarding it. Asia and Panthea are carried with extreme solemnity to the cave of Demogorgon and back again. They receive much exciting and impressive information; but neither they nor any one else take any action in consequence. Fauns speculate sympathetically, though

without any apparent reason, upon their journey through a beautiful scene. All that can be called action in the play is compressed into the two pages where Demogorgon wrestles with Jupiter, and "Hercules unbinds Prometheus, who descends." The fourth act we know was an afterthought. On a first reading it may appear an excrescence; on a closer inspection it will be seen that the speech of the Spirit of the Hour, at the end of the third act, is not a satisfactory close to the poem. Here is its last paragraph:—

"Thrones, altars, judgment-seats, and prisons,
wherein
And beside which by wretched men were
borne
Sceptres, tiaras, swords, and chains, and
tomes
Of reasoned wrong, glazed on by ignorance,
Were like those monstrous and barbaric
shapes,
The ghosts of a no more remembered fame,
Which, from their unworn obelisks, look forth
In triumph o'er the palaces and tombs
Of those who were their conquerors moulder-
ing round:
Those imaged to the pride of kings and
priests,
A dark yet mighty faith, a power as wide
As is the world it wasted, and are now
But an astonishment; even so the tools
And emblems of its last captivity,
Amid the dwellings of the peopled earth,
Stand, not o'erthrown, but unregarded now.
And those foul shapes, abhorred by God and
man,
Which, under many a name and many a form,
Strange, savage, ghastly, dark, and execra-
ble,
Were Jupiter, the tyrant of the world;
And which the nations, panic-stricken, served
With blood, and hearts broken by long hope,
and love
Dragged to his altars soiled and garlandless,
And slain among men's unreclaiming tears,
Flattering the thing they feared, which fear
was hate,
Frown, mouldering fast, o'er their abandoned
shrines:
The painted veil, by those who were, called
life,
Which mimick'd, as with colours idly spread,
All men believed and hoped, is torn aside;
The loathsome mask has fallen, the man re-
mains
Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself; just, gentle, wise: but man
Passionless; No, yet free from guilt or pain,
Which were, for his will made or suffered
them,
Nor yet exempt, though ruling them like
slaves,

From chance and death, and mutability,
The clogs of that which else might oversoar
The loftiest star of unascended heaven,
Pinnacled dim in the intense inane."

The last three lines are in Shelley's best manner; but even without the fourth act we might infer that the picture did not satisfy him. The Spirit of the Hour herself was disappointed at first not to see

"a greater change
Expressed in outward things. But soon I
looked,
And behold! thrones were kingless, and men
walked
One with the other, even as spirits do."

The real greatness of "Prometheus Unbound" is the fervour and neatness of the lyrical accompaniment. It has already been said that the journey of Asia and her sisters seems motiveless dramatically; but the crowd of magic suggestions and impulses which urge them forward is exhibited with incredible vividness and grace. The same character of flowing energy runs through the choruses and semi-choruses, which are bewilderingly numerous. The very few passages that recall the classical situation which furnishes its original framework to the play are as felicitous in tone as possible. There is nothing of the stiffness of deliberate imitation; but there are touches which repeat the manner of the ancients, sometimes closely, sometimes distantly, so that the transition to the thoroughly modern portions of the poem is imperceptible. Here is an extract that recalls Homer and Virgil as well as Æschylus, while the music is modern throughout:—

"But see, where through the azure chasm
Of yon forked and snowy hill,
Trampling the slant winds on high
With golden-sandal'd feet, that glow
Under plumes of purple dye,
Like rose-ensanguined ivory,
A shape comes now,
Stretching on high from his right hand
A serpent-cinctured wand.
PANTHEA. 'Tis Jove's world-wandering herald,
Mercury."

The immediate transition from the Prometheus to "The Cenci" measures the full extent of Shelley's power, if, that is, we are to suppose that his powers ever attained maturity. He himself was dissatisfied with "The Cenci;" he thought that it was too popular to be excellent; and perhaps he felt that, to a certain extent, he was forcing his talent. Beatrice and Lucretia and Count Cenci are all thoroughly human and thoroughly Shelleyan. Bea-

trice is a counterpart of Prometheus — a victim of the law of the world, oppressed and tortured by the cruelty of a father who is supported by the authority of a pope, and a despairing witness to the higher law of right and love. But Prometheus is lifted above his sufferings, because he understands their source and their end; he cannot hate, for he understands that revenge is certain and unnecessary. Beatrice shares the faith of her tyrants; and though Shelley condemns her in the preface, in the play he feels that she is compelled to act, and stay at any cost the pollution which was poisoning her life. Count Cenci might be an incarnation of Jupiter; he is simply tyranny and selfishness run mad. Lucretia is a simple type of patience and unintelligent tenderness, an elder sister of Helen, and has never departed from conventional virtue till she becomes an accomplice in her daughter's deliverance. All the other characters are simply theatrical properties. Giacomo is the stage dupe; Orsino is the stage traitor who tempts his victims, as nearly as possible as King John tempts Hubert, or as Richard tempts Buckingham. Olimpio and Marzio are stage assassins, the only difference being that, considering the purpose for which they are employed, the most resolute instead of the most superstitious is naturally represented as least base. Camillo is simply the stage ecclesiastic; his neutral and ineffectual character is really an appeal to religious prejudice; and the appeal is more emphatically repeated in the case of Orsino, since his insincerity is made to be a consequence of his false position as a celibate.

The conventionality of these characters is at worst a negative evil; it is a more serious question whether the play has not suffered by the endeavours to make it theatrical. A false lustre is thrown upon the character of Count Cenci, by the close juxtaposition of the fine in the first scene and the superb cynicism with which he hails the news of his son's death in the second. Again, as Shelley conceives it, the ideal problem of the play is to determine whether any wrong can justify revenge; and it is certain that when an historical combination of circumstances is used to illustrate a spiritual problem the conditions of the problem ought not to be changed. Now, according to the manuscript narrative, which appears to be Shelley's only authority, Beatrice enjoyed her dear-bought peace six months without suspicion, simply and solely in consequence of her own resolute action. According to

the play, the cause of Count Cenci's death is discovered the same night, owing to the arrival of papal commissioners charged to arrest him on a capital charge; so that we are given to understand that, if his wife and daughter could have waited a few hours more, they would have been delivered without incurring any danger or responsibility. It may be admitted that the change makes the story more dramatic in the ordinary sense; perhaps it may make it more tragic; but it certainly changes the conditions of the problem which the poet had undertaken to solve. In another scene the play suffers from an overconsciousness of the problem. When Beatrice is confronted with Marzio, and faces him out of his confession of what was called her guilt, everything is made to lead up to the sentimental line —

“A higher pain has forced a higher truth.”

This brings out Shelley's didactic theory of the situation; but the advantage is purchased at the expense of making Beatrice defend what she ought to disavow, in order to extract from an Italian bandit a fine phrase which would be ludicrously undramatic in almost any mouth, considering all the circumstances. When one turns to the trial scene in Webster's *White Devil*, one sees that it is sometimes an advantage to a dramatic poet to have no sense of spiritual problems. It is more doubtful whether the poem suffers, as a poem, from the unhistorical way in which the principal characters are conceived. Cenci idealizes his wickedness, and his daughter idealizes her wretchedness, in a way which the evidence does not warrant as regards the father, and almost certainly excludes as regards the daughter. There is nothing whatever in the narrative to suggest that Count Cenci was an eloquent and courageous man, who delivered brilliant speeches upon the delights of infidelity and the economies of murder. Shelley himself attained a point of view undeniably more philosophical, if less poetically effective, in “Peter Bell the Third:” —

“The Devil was no uncommon creature,
A leaden-witted thief just huddled
Out of the dross and scum of nature,
A toad-like lump of limb and feature,
With mind, and heart, and fancy muddled.

“He was that heavy, dull, cold thing
The spirit of evil well may be
A drone too base to have a sting
Who glutts and grimes his lazy wing,
And calls lust luxury.”

The irritability that follows satiety might give a drone a sting; and the rest of the description might fit the historic Cenci for anything we know. The manuscript narrative gives a much completer picture of Beatrice than of her father; and her nature seems to have been as simple and positive as it was lofty and strong. In reading the narrative we never forget, what in reading Shelley we never remember, that she was emphatically *comme il faut*. Something is lost with the proud, simple strength of such traits as these. "When she was already tied under the torture, he brought before her her mother-in-law and her brothers. They began all together to exhort her to confess, saying that, since the crime had been committed, they must suffer the punishment. Beatrice, after some resistance, said, 'So you all wish to die, and to disgrace and ruin our house. This is not right; but since it pleases you, so let it be.' And turning to the gaolers, she told them to unbind her, and that all the examinations might be brought to her, saying, 'That which I ought to confess, that will I confess; that to which I ought to assent, to that will I assent; and that which I ought to deny, that will I deny.'" Even the dresses "after the manner of nuns," which Beatrice ordered for the procession of judgment and execution, because her own and her mother's were too splendid for decorum, and the handkerchiefs with which she wiped her forehead, and her mother wiped her eyes on the way to the scaffold, serve to complete the impression of a figure which is not less beautiful for being less ethereal. The fact is that, though Shelley takes credit in his preface for preserving the local colour, his success is only in the scenery and circumstances; his heroine is only a self-conscious, almost romantic Englishwoman. This is especially visible in the first scene between her and Orsini, because Shelley had never realized the relation of which the creator of Caponsacchi has given such a masterly analysis. But, after all, criticism is ungrateful in presence of a character so sad, so sweet, so lofty, and so beautiful, as Shelley's Beatrice. He was fortunate in finding in the story of the Cenci a subject dramatic in itself, and containing two characters, one of which appealed to his highest inspiration, and the other to the fierce loathing and the terrified disdain of selfish prosperity which also seemed to be a kind of inspiration. The fragments of "Charles the First," to which Mr. Rossetti has been able to make large additions, are

almost sufficient to prove that his dramatic gift depended upon such felicitous fortuities. If the play had been finished it would have belonged to the same order as the *New England Tragedies*, though its place in the order would have been higher. The writer, after all, would have done nothing but exhibit his own historical theory of the period in magnificently ornamented dialogue.

No falling off of the kind appears on comparing "Hellas" with "Prometheus Unbound": it might almost be said that an inferiority in subject is compensated to some extent by an advance in art. There is no pretence at action. Mahmud takes no step whatever under his perplexities except opening the treasures of Solyman and consulting Ahasuerus; and from the last he expects no practical result. But if it is once admitted that exposition apart from action is a legitimate form of dramatic art, nothing can be finer than the scene of Mahmud and the messengers. And throughout the poem the reader is kept far more strictly to the situation than in "Prometheus," where the majesty of the principal character has to be brought out at the price of much purely didactic eloquence. If we take "Prometheus" and "The Cenci" as the measure of the range within which Shelley could be great, we might take "Hellas" and "Epipsyphidion" as the measure of the range within which he was safe, and could always trust his inspiration. Passion was necessary to him: the odes to Naples and to Liberty suffer from the want of it. An ideal medium was necessary: the "Masque of Anarchy" suffers for want of it as soon as the splendid and cutting symbolism of the vision gives place to the plain political sermon which occupies two-thirds of the poem; even "The Cenci" suffers from want of it, which made it impossible for him to do as Keats implored him, "and load every view of his subject with ore." In "Hellas" and in "Epipsyphidion" he could do this: in "Prometheus" he could attempt it, but here we find too much of the abstract thought, which was always a temptation to him, and often was a danger. If "Hellas" is taken as Shelley's maturest attempt to embody the passion of the world, "Epipsyphidion" may be taken yet more confidently as his maturest attempt to embody the passion of the soul. The poem is at once the antithesis and the complement of "Alastor." As in "Alastor," the hero is Shelley himself, under a yet thinner disguise; and this time he is left to tell his own story. In both the hero is

in love with loving, in both he pursues an ideal which he misses — in "Alastor" because he refuses to accept any earthly realization of it, in "Epipsychedion" because he seeks its realization amiss. The theory of love in the latter poem is like the theory of worship in the Vedas; the last lady-love is the only true satisfaction of the lover's ideal longing, just as the god who is addressed in each hymn is for the moment supreme, and resumes within himself the attributes of all others for the worshipper.

It is evident that marriage, even a happy marriage, had no tendency to close the list of Shelley's love affairs. No doubt his latter loves were entirely Platonic; but none the less they showed that they had ceased to satisfy him. In fact a Platonic affection is enough in theory to satisfy the demand of free love, which by its very definition excludes any passion strong enough to demand a permanent or exclusive possession of its object; and a passion which is content without this is scarcely a passion at all, and may remain, without sacrifice if not without danger, at the stage of purely ideal contemplation. In fact, the hero of "Epipsychedion" is a kind of Platonic "Don Juan," less hopeless because less shameless, purified, perhaps emasculated. It is a curious question whether, if he had not been shipwrecked before starting for the Cyclades, he would have outlived love altogether, or have learned (for he was learning) to treat it as Landor treated it, as the most delicate of amusements, a perpetual caress, just too tender to be either insipid or voluptuous. There is a very marked progress in this sense between the terrible fragment headed "Misery" (1818) and "The Question" (1820), and "The Recollection" (1822). One thing was clearly impossible, that he should find an end of love in the beloved. He idealized everything; he idealized the imperfections of each of his wives till he sometimes fancied them intolerable. In the case of his first wife these fancies deepened to a permanent conviction. The wise kindness of his second prevented them from being more than passing clouds; on the whole he was happy with her, and knew that she was good to him; but she could not feed him with the constantly renewed ecstasy for which he pined.

To such a nature inspiration was singularly like a disease; and the limit to his popularity lay not merely in the transcendent excellence of his creations, but in the abnormal conditions out of which they

sprang. It is not an accident that of his longer poems the two which are least original are most popular. In "The Cenci" and "Adonais," he was carried out of himself and was forced to dwell on something whose existence was independent of his feelings and desires. The machinery of "Adonais" is taken without scruple from earlier works. The opening stanzas are an expansion of themes taken from Bion's dirge for Adonis. The procession of the mountain shepherds comes through Lycidas from Virgil. The splendid pageant of the inheritors of unfulfilled renown comes partly from the same source and partly from Isaiah. The thrilling apostrophe

"Our Adonais hath drunk poison — oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could
crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
The nameless worm would now itself disown,"

comes direct from Moschus's Elegy on Bion; and the exultation over the transfigured life of Adonais is taken from Milton's

"Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no
more,
For Lycidas, our sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor."

It would not be possible to point out anything like such a list of suggestions voluntarily accepted in the construction of the elegiac poems which Mr. Arnold and Mr. Swinburne have dedicated to Clough and Baudelaire. But Shelley could take what he pleased from his predecessors, and make it his own; his colouring is never richer or more characteristic than here, when he is filling up their outline. It is only in "Adonais" and the unfinished "Triumph of Life" that he can be considered a philosophical poet; and in "Adonais" the gain is clearly due to his sympathy with the concrete personality of the departed, which made his mysticism at once less obscure, more ardent, and therefore more exalted.

It is a striking proof of Shelley's nobility of mind, that he could pay such a fervent and magnificent tribute to a poet for whose poetry he hardly cared. Keats and Shelley stand side by side as the two great ideal artists of their generation; but they never appreciated each other. There is no excuse for seeking the reason in anything so dishonourable as jealousy; for neither could by possibility have thought the other was overrated by the world.

And, even if we admit Mr. Rossetti's explanation that Keats was rendered capious and irritable by disease, this will not account for the slighting and unsympathetic way in which Shelley spoke of all his works except "Hyperion." He evidently regarded Keats as a man of genius, who was in great danger of wasting himself; and, even in "Adonais," he inclined to number him with the inheritors of unfulfilled renown; and the enumeration shows that this is not to be taken simply of the gifted souls, whose names must be left to wait for justice from posterity. The fact is, each of them felt the faults of the other; and the reason that Shelley, with this feeling, spoke more warmly of Keats than Keats spoke of him, is not wholly that he was more generous, but also that he was less critical.

Of all great poets, Keats was the most literary; and it was natural that he should be exacting. To him poetry was an end in itself; its mission was simply to fill and satisfy the spirit with images of objective loveliness. His philosophy, so far as he had one, was a judicious quietism—a seeking of the beautiful where it was to be found, in the ordered stability of nature, and in the rich moments of life which come to those who are ready for them. It is certain that he came nearer than Shelley to the temper of most great poets, of

Homer and Sophocles, of Pindar and Shakespeare, of Chaucer and Goethe. Perhaps he was right in recoiling from Shelley's subjective fervour, from his feverish pursuit of an impalpable progress, as Shelley was right in warning him against his tendency to bury every subject he undertook under a profusion of flowers. It may be questioned whether Shelley's power was not higher; but Keats was justified in feeling that his own aims in poetry were surer.

We have said little of Shelley's shorter poems, not because they are less valuable than his elaborate works, but because their beauties do not require analysis. The naked swift melody, joyous or sad, as the case may be, which overflows wherever he could content himself with a lyrical cry had forced itself on public recognition as early as 1839, when Mrs. Shelley remarked that the ode "To a Skylark" and "The Cloud" were thought by many to contain a purer spirit of poetry than any of his other works. The wonderful cleverness of his satires and the excellence of his translations, may be recognized without comment; the problem which requires solution is how, with so many other gifts, and with so much ambition, he produced nothing perfect beyond the range of the lyrical cry, except his translation of the Homeric hymn to Hermes.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—I witnessed last night the display of the Aurora Borealis from the top of one of the Cotswold Hills. I had wandered to a little village about nine miles from the place at which I am staying, and late in the afternoon was returning homewards when I saw a dark cloud hanging down from the sky moving towards me. In a few minutes I was almost blinded by the rain, and was glad to take refuge in a shepherd's cottage on the boles, where I remained until the storm had passed over: by this time it was night. I had many miles to walk; beneath me was a valley wrapt in mist, and above me the vault of the sky was of a deep pink colour, like the inside of a shell. What interested me more, however, than the Aurora Borealis, was the view taken of it by the inhabitants of a little village through which I passed. They were all standing outside their houses gazing at the heavens. "There is France for you," said one of them to me as I approached him. I requested an explanation, and found that not only he but all his neighbours attributed the blood-red light in the sky to the burning of

Paris. "Gad, how it blazes!" I heard a man remark. "They're a gettin' it bunder now," said another; and so on through all the village. At a garden gate of nearly the last house I observed a respectable-looking man with a telescope, with which he was raking the sky: "It is rum," he said to me, "and very sublimely so; but, the d——d asses, I can't make 'em believe it is only the Southern Cross." I rather think he was the schoolmaster of the parish.

Pall Mall Gazette.

THE French Government have adopted a new seal. The obverse bears the figure of Liberty with the legend, "In the name of the French people;" the reverse, a wreath of oak and olive, with a sheaf of corn. In the centre of the wreath are the words, "The French Republic, Democratic, one and indivisible," and the legend is, "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity."

Pall Mall Gazette.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST;

OR,

"DURING MY APPRENTICESHIP."

TRANSLATED FROM THE "UT MINE STRONTID" OF FRITZ REUTER.

CHAPTER I.

In the year 1829, on St. John's day, a man sat in the deepest melancholy, under an ash-tree arbor, in a neglected garden. The estate, to which the garden belonged, was a lease-hold estate, and lay on the river Peene, between Anklam and Demmin, and the man, who sat in the cool shade of the arbor, was the lease-holder, — that is to say, he had been until now; for now he was ejected, and there was an auction to-day in his homestead, and all his goods and possessions were going to the four winds.

He was a large, broad-shouldered, light-haired man, of four and forty years; and nowhere could you find a better specimen of what labor could make of a man than she had carved from this block. "Labor," said his honest face, — "Labor," said his firm hands which lay quiet in his cap, folded one upon another as if for praying.

Yes, for praying! And in the whole broad country of Pomerania, there might well have been no one with greater need and reason to speak with his Lord God, than this man. 'Tis a hard thing for any one to see his household goods, which he has gathered with labor and pains, piece by piece, go wandering out into the world. 'Tis a hard thing for a farmer to leave the cattle, which he has fed and cared for, through want and trouble, to other hands that know nothing of the difficulties which have oppressed him all his life. But it was not this which lay so heavy on his heart; it was a still deeper grief which caused the weary hands to lie folded together, and the weary eyes to droop so heavily.

Since yesterday he was a widow; his wife lay upon her last couch. His wife!

Ten years had he striven for her, ten years had he worked and toiled, and done what human strength could do that they might come together, that he might make room for the deep, powerful love which sung through his whole being, like Pentecost bells over green fields and blossoming fruit-trees.

Four years ago he had made it possible; he had scraped together everything that he had; an acquaintance who had inherited from his parents two estates had leased one of them to him, — at a high rent, very high — no one knew that better than himself, — but love gives courage, cheerful courage, to sustain one through everything. Oh, it would have gone well, quite well, if misfortunes had not come upon them, if his dear little wife had not risen before the daylight and ere the dew was risen, and got such feverish red spots on her cheeks. Oh, all would have gone well, quite well, if his landlord had been not merely an acquaintance but a friend — he was not the latter; to-day he allowed his agent to hold the auction.

Friends? Such a man as the one who sat under the ashen arbor, has he no friends? Ah, he had friends, and their friendship was true; but they could not help him, they had nothing either to give or to lend. Wherever he looked, there seemed a gloomy wall before his eyes, which narrowed around him, and pressed him in, until he must needs call upon the Lord to deliver him out of his distresses. And over him in the ashen twigs sang the finches, and their gay plumage glittered in the sun, and the flowers in the neglected garden gave out their fragrance, all in vain, — and the fairest bridal pair in the world might have sat there, and never have forgotten either the place or the day.

And had he not often sat under these shade trees with a soft hand in his hard one? Had not the birds sung, had not the flowers been fragrant? Had he not under the ash-trees dreamed of their cool shade for his old age? And who was it that had brought to him here a refreshing drink after a hot day's labor? Who was it that had shared in and consoled all his cares and sorrows?

It was gone—all gone!—Here was care and trouble about the auction, and the soft, warm hand was cold and stiff. And so it is much the same to a man as if the birds sang no longer, and the flowers had lost their fragrance, and the blessed sun shone for him no more; and if the poor heart keeps on beating it reaches out, beyond birds and flowers and beyond the golden sun, higher up after a Comforter, in whose presence these earthly joys shall fade and fall, but before whom the human soul shall stand forever.

So sat Habermann before his God, and his hands were folded, and his honest blue eyes bent to the ground, and yet there shone in them a clear light, as from God's sun. Then came a little maiden running to him, and laid a marigold blossom on his cap, and the two hands unfolded themselves and clasped the child,—it was his child,—and he rose up from the bench, and took her on his arm, and from his eyes fell tear after tear, and he kept the marigold flower in his hand, and went with the child along the path through the garden.

He came to a young tree which he had planted himself; the straw-rope with which it was bound to its prop had loosened, and the tree was sagging downwards. He reached up and bound it fast, without thinking what he was doing, for his thoughts were far away, but care and helping were part of his nature.

But when a man's thoughts are in the clouds, were it even in the blue heavens, if his daily duties come before his eyes,—the old accustomed handiwork,—and he does them, he helps himself in so doing, for they call him back from the distance and show him what is near by, and what is in need of help. And it is one of our Lord's mercies that this is so.

He walked up and down the garden, and his eyes saw what was around him, and his thoughts came back to earth; and though the black, gloomy clouds still overspread the heaven of his future, they could not conceal one little patch of blue sky,—that was the little girl whom he bore on his arm, and whose baby hand played with

his hair. He had thought over his situation, steadily and earnestly he had looked the black clouds in the face; he must take care that he and his little one were not overpowered by the storm.

He went from the garden toward the house. Good Heavens, how his courage sunk! Indifferent to him, and absorbed in their petty affairs, a crowd of men pressed around the table where the actuary was holding the auction. Piece by piece the furniture acquired by his years of industry was knocked down to the highest bidder; piece by piece his household gear had come into the house, with trouble and anxiety; piece by piece it went out to the world, amid jokes and laughter. This sideboard had been his old mother's, this chest of drawers his wife had brought with her, that little work-table he had given her while she was yet a bride. Near by stood his cattle, tied to a rack, and lowing after their pasture; the brown yearling which his poor wife herself had brought up, her special pet, stood among them; he went round to her, and stroked her with his hand.

"Herr," said the bailiff Niemen, "'tis a sad pity."

"Yes, Niemen, 'tis a pity; but there's no help for it," said he, and turned away, and went toward the men who were crowding around the auctioneer's table.

As the people noticed him, they made room for him in a courteous and friendly manner, and he turned to the auctioneer as if he would speak a few words to him.

"Directly, Herr Habermann," said the man, "in a moment. I am just through with the house-inventory, then—A chest of drawers! Two dollars, four shillings! Six shillings! Two dollars eight shillings! Once! Twice! Two dollars twelve shillings! No more? Once! Twice! and—thrice! Who has it?"

"Brandt, the tailor," was the answer.

Just at this moment, a company of country people came riding up the yard, who apparently wished to look at the cattle, which came next in order in the sale. Foremost rode a stout, red-faced man, upon whose broad features arrogance had plenty of room to display itself. This quality was very strongly marked; but an unusual accompaniment was indicated by the little, crafty eyes, which peered out over the coarse cheeks, as if to say, "You are pretty well off, but we have something to do to look after your interests." The owner of these eyes was the owner also of the estate of which Habermann had held the lease; he rode close up to the cluster

of men, and, as he saw his unhappy tenant standing among them, the possibility occurred to him that he might fail of receiving his full rent, and the crafty eyes, which understood so well how to look after their own interests, said to the arrogance which sat upon mouth and mien, "Brother, now is a good time to spread yourself; it will cost you nothing;" and pressing his horse nearer to Habermann he called, so that all the people must hear, "Yes, here is your prudent Mecklinburger, who will teach us how to manage a farm! What has he taught us? To drink wine and shuffle cards he might teach us, but farming — *Bankruptcy*, he can teach us!" All were silent at these hard words, and looked first at him who had uttered them, and then at him against whom they were directed. Habermann was at first struck, by voice and words together, as if a knife had been plunged into his heart; now he stood still and looked silently before him, letting all go over his head; but among the people broke out a murmuring — "Fie! Fie! For shame! The man is no drinker nor card-player. He has worked his farm like a good fellow!"

"What great donkey is this, who can talk like that?" asked old Farmer Drenkhahn, from Liepen, and pressed nearer with his buckthorn staff.

"That's the fellow, father," called out Stolper the smith, "who lets his people go begging about, for miles around."

"They haven't a coat to their backs," said tailor Brandt, of Jarmen, "and by all their labour they can only earn victuals."

"Yes," laughed the smith, "that's the fellow who is so kind to his people that they all have nice dress-coats to work in, while he does not keep enough to buy himself a smock-frock."

The auctioneer had sprung up and ran towards the landlord, who had heard these remarks with unabashed thick-headedness. "In God's name, Herr Pomuchelskopp, how can you talk so?"

"Yes," said one of his own company, who rode up with him, "these folks are right. You should be ashamed of yourself! The poor man has given up everything that he had a right to keep, and goes out into the world to-morrow, empty-handed, and you go on abusing him."

"Ah, indeed," said the auctioneer, "if that were all! But his wife died only yesterday, and lies on her last couch, and there he is with his poor little child, and what prospect has the poor man for the future?"

The murmur went round among the people of the landlord's company, and it

was not long before he had the place to himself; those who came with him had ridden aside. "Did I know that?" said he peevishly, and rode out of the yard; and the little, crafty eyes said to the broad arrogance, "Brother, this time we went rather too far."

The auctioneer turned to Habermann. "Herr Habermann, you had something to say to me?"

"Yes — yes —" replied the farmer, like a man who has been under torture, coming again to his senses. "Yes, I was going to ask you to put up to auction the few things I have a right to keep back, — the bed and the other things."

"Willingly; but the household furniture has sold badly, the people have no money, and if you wish to dispose of anything you would do better at private sale."

"I have not time for that, and I need the money."

"Then if you wish it, I will offer the goods at auction," and the man went back to his business.

"Habermann," said Farmer Grot, who came with the company on horseback, "you are so lonely here, in your misfortunes; come home with me, you and your little girl, and stay awhile with us, my wife will be right glad —"

"I thank you much for the good will; but I cannot go, I have still something to do here."

"Habermann," said farmer Hartmann, "you mean the funeral of your good wife. When do you bury her? We will all come together, to do her this last honor."

"For that I thank you too; but I cannot receive you as would be proper, and by this time I have learned that one must cut his coat according to his cloth."

"Old friend, my dear old neighbor and countryman," said Inspector Wienk, and clapped him on the shoulder, "do not yield to discouragement! things will go better with you yet."

"Discouragement, Wienk?" said Habermann, earnestly, pressing his child closer to himself, and looking steadily at the inspector, with his honest blue eyes. "Is that discouragement, to look one's future steadily in the face, and do one's utmost to avert misfortune? But I cannot stay here; a man avoids the place where he has once made shipwreck. I must go to some house at a distance, and begin again at the beginning. I must work for my bread again, and stretch my feet under a stranger's table. And now good-bye to you all! You have always been good neighbors and friends to me. Adieu! Adieu! Give me

your hand, Wienk,—Adieu! and greet them all kindly at your house; my wife —.” He had still something to say, but he seemed to be overcome, and turned almost quickly and went his way.

“Niemen,” said he to his bailiff, as he came to the other end of the farm-yard, “Tell the other people, to-morrow morning early, at four o’clock, I will bury my wife.” With that, he went into the house, into his sleeping-room. It was all cleaned out, his bed and all the furniture which had been left to him; nothing remained but four bare walls. Only in a dark corner stood an old chest, and on it sat a young woman, the wife of a day-laborer, her eyes red with weeping; and in the middle of the room stood a black coffin in which lay a white, still, solemn face, and the woman had a green branch in her hand, and brushed the flies from the still face.

“Stina,” said Habermann, “go home now; I will stay here.”

“Oh, Herr, let me stay!”

“No, Stina, I shall stay here all night.”

“Shall I not take the little one with me?”

“No, leave her, she will sleep well.”

The young woman went out: the auctioneer came and handed him the money which he had received for his goods, the people went away from the court-yard; it became as quiet out of doors as in. He put the child down, and reckoned the money on the window-seat. “That pays the cabinet-maker for the coffin; that for the cross at the grave; that for the funeral. Stina shall have this, and with the rest I can go to my sister.” The evening came, the young wife of the laborer brought in a lighted candle, and set it on the coffin, and gazed long at the white face, then dried her eyes and said “Good-night,” and Habermann was again alone with his child.

He raised the window, and looked out into the night. It was dark for that time of year, no stars shone in the sky, all was obscured with black clouds, and a warm, damp air breathed on his face, and sighed in the distance. From over the fields came the note of the quail, and the land-rail uttered its rain-call, and softly fell the first drops on the dusty ground, and his heart rose in thanks for the gift of sweetest savor known to the husbandman, the earth-vapor in which hover all blessings for his cares and labor. How often had it refreshed his soul, chased away his anxieties, and renewed his hope of a good year! Now he was set loose

from care, but also from joy; a great joy had gone from him, and had taken with it all lesser ones.

He closed the window, and, as he turned round, there stood his little daughter by the coffin, reaching vainly toward the still face, as if she would stroke it. He raised the child higher so that she could reach, and the little girl stroked and kissed the cold, dead cheek of her silent mother, and looked then at her father with her great eyes, as if she would ask something unspeakable, and said “Mother! Oh!”

“Yes,” said Habermann, “mother is cold,” and the tears started in his eyes, and he sat down on the chest, took his daughter on his lap, and wept bitterly. The little one began to weep also, and cried herself quietly to sleep. He laid her softly against his breast, and wrapped his coat warmly about her, and so sat he the night through, and held true lyke-wake over his wife and his happiness.

Next morning, punctually, at four o’clock, came the bailiff with the other laborers. The coffin was screwed up; the procession moved slowly toward the church-yard; the only mourners himself and his little girl. The coffin was lowered into the grave. A silent Pater Noster,—a handful of earth,—and the image of her who had for years refreshed and comforted him, rejoiced and enlivened, was concealed from his eyes, and if he would see it again he must turn over his heart like a book, leaf by leaf, until he comes to the closing page, and then,—yes, there will the dear image stand, fair and lovely before his eyes once more.

He went among his people, shook hands with every one, and thanked them for this last service which they had rendered him, and then said “Good-bye” to them, gave to the bailiff the money for the coffin, cross and funeral, and then, absorbed in thought, started on his lonely way out into the gloomy future.

As he came to the last house in the little hamlet, the young laborer’s wife stood with a child on her arm before the door. He stepped up to her.

“Stina, you took faithful care of my poor wife in her last sickness,—here, Stina,” and would press a couple of dollars into her hand.

“Herr, Herr,” cried the young wife, “don’t do me that injury! What have you not done for us in good days? Why should we not in hard times make some little return? Ah, Herr, I have one favor to ask; leave the child here with me! I will cherish it as if it were my own. And

is it not like my own? I have nursed it at my breast, when your poor wife was so weak. Leave me the child!"

Habermann stood in deep thought. "Herr," said the woman, "you will have to separate from the poor little thing, sooner or later. See, here comes Jochen, he will speak for himself."

The laborer came up, and, as he heard of what they were speaking, said, "Yes, Herr, she shall be cared for like a princess, and we are healthy, and well to do, and what you have done for us, we will richly repay to her."

"No," said Habermann, lifting himself from his thoughts, "that won't go, I can't do it. I may be wrong to take the child with me upon an uncertainty; but I have left so much here, this last thing I cannot give up. No, no! I can't do it," cried he hastily and turned himself to go, "my child must be where I am. Adieu, Stina! Adieu, Rassow!"

"If you will not leave us the child, Herr," said the laborer, "let me at least go with you a little way, and carry her for you."

"No, No!" said Habermann, "she is no burden for me;" but he could not hinder the young woman from stroking and kissing his little daughter, and ever again kissing her, nor that both these honest souls, as he went on his way, should stand long looking after him. She, with tears in her eyes, thought more of the child, he, in serious reflection, more of the man.

"Stina," said he, "we shall never again have such a master."

"The Lord knows that," said she, and both went sadly back to their daily labor.

CHAPTER II.

ABOUT eight miles from the place where Habermann had left his wife in her quiet grave, lay in Mecklenburg a farm of less than medium size, which was tenanted by his brother-in-law, Jochen Nüssler. The farm-buildings had never been very substantial, and were now much in need of repair, and moreover things were very disorderly; here a little refuse heap, and there another, and the wagon and farm implements stood here and there, and mingled together, like the people at a fair, and the cart said to the wagon, "Brother, how came you here?" and the rake laid hold of the harrow and said, "Come, dear, we will have a dance." But the music was lacking, for it was all still in the farm-yard, quite still. This lovely weather, all were in the meadow, haying, and even from the

little open windows of the long, low, straw-roofed farm-house came no sound, for it was afternoon; the cook had finished her baking, and the housemaid her cleaning, and both had gone together to the meadow; and even the farmer's wife, who usually had something to say for herself, was nowhere visible, for she also had gone from the farm-yard with a rake in her hand; the hay must all be gathered into great stacks before night-fall.

But there was yet life in the house, though of a little, quiet kind. In the room at the right of the porch, in the living-room, where the blue-painted corner-cupboard stood,—the *schenk*, they called it, and the sofa covered with black glazed linen, which was freshly polished up with boot-blacking every Saturday and the oaken chest of drawers with gilt ornaments, sat two little maidens of three years, with round flaxen heads, and round rosy cheeks, playing in a heap of sand, making cheeses with mother's thimble, and filling the damp sand into two little shilling pots, which they turned upside down, laughing and rejoicing if the lump stood firm.

These were Lining and Mining Nüssler, and they looked, for all the world, like a pair of little twin apples, growing on one stem; and they were so indeed, for they were twins, and one who did not know that Lining was not Mining, and Mining was not Lining, would be puzzled from morning to night, for their names were not written in their faces, and if their mother had not marked them with a colored band on the arm, there would have been grave doubts in the matter, and their father, Jochen Nüssler, was even yet in some uncertainty; Lining was properly Mining, and Mining Lining, they had been as it were shaken up together at the outset of their little lives. At present, there was no occasion for such perplexity, for the mother had tied a blue ribbon in Lining's little flaxen curls, and a red one in Mining's; and if one kept that in mind, and observed them carefully, one would see plainly that Jochen Nüssler was wrong, for Lining was half an hour older than Mining, and slight as the difference was, the seniority made itself quite evident, for Lining took the lead in everything; but she comforted her little sister also, when she was in trouble.

Besides this little, unmistakable pair of twins, there was yet another pair of twins in the room; but an old, experienced, circumspect couple, who looked down from the chest of drawers on the children, and shook their heads hither and thither, in

the light breeze which came in at the open window; these were grandfather's peruke, and grandmother's state-cap, which were paraded on a pair of cap-stocks, and which to-morrow, — Sunday, — would play their part.

"Look, Lining," said Mining, "there is grandfather's puk." She could not get the 'r' quite right yet.

"You always say 'puk'; you must say 'p-u-k,'" said Lining, for she also was not quite up to the "r"; but being the eldest she must needs direct her little sister in the right way.

With that the little pair of twins got up and stood before the chest of drawers, and looked at the old pair of twins on the cap-stocks, and Mining, who was still very thoughtless, reached after the peruke stock, and took down grandfather's peruke, turned it over on her head as seemed well to her, and, placing herself before the glass, performed just as grandfather did on Sundays. Now was the time for Lining to exercise her authority, but Lining began to laugh, and catching the joke took down grandmother's cap from the other stock, and imitated grandmother's Sunday performances, and then Mining laughed, and then both laughed, and then took hold of hands and danced "Kringelkranz, Rosen-danz," and let go, and laughed again and joined hands again and danced.

But Mining was quite too thoughtless, she had the little pot still in her hand, and as they were in the midst of their fun—crash! she let it fall on the floor, and there was an end of the pot, and an end of the sport also. Now began Mining to cry and lament over her pot, and Lining cried with her, like a little echo; but when that had lasted a while, Lining began to console:—

"See here, Mining, the wheel-wright can mend it."

"Yes," said Mining, crying more quietly, "the wheel-wright can mend it;" and upon that the two little mourners started out of the door, quite forgetting that they had grandfather's and grandmother's sacred Sunday gear upon their heads.

One may wonder that Lining should go to the wheel-wright with such an affair, but anybody who has known a regular wheel-wright in that region, will understand that such a man can do everything. If a sheep is sick, they say, "Call the wheel-wright!" If a window-pane is broken, the wheel-wright must nail on a board to keep out wind and weather; has an old chair dislocated its leg, he is the doctor; if one wishes a plaster spread for

a sick cow, he is the apothecary; in short, he can mend everything, and so Lining showed herself a little maiden of good sense in going with her pot to the wheel-wright.

As the little girls went through the yard, in at the gate came a little man, with a red face and a right stately red nose, which he carried in the air; on his head he had a three-cornered cap, with a tassel in front of no particular color; he wore a grey linen coat with long skirts, and his short legs, which turned outward as if they had been screwed into his long body the wrong way, were stuck into short blue-striped trowsers, and long boots with yellow tops. He was not exactly stout, but certainly not lean, and one might see that he was beginning to grow a little pot-bellied.

The little girls must meet him on their way, and as they came near enough for the Herr Inspector—for the man with the little legs held such a post—to perceive their approach, he stood still, and raised his yellow bushy eyebrows so high that they went quite up under the visor of his cap, as if these eyebrows, being the finest of his features, must first of all, under such dangerous circumstances, be placed in security. "God bless us!" cried he, "Where are you going? What sort of doings are these? What! you have the entire Sunday finery of the two old people upon your heads!" The two little girls quite patiently allowed themselves to be despoiled of their finery, and showed the broken pieces of the pot, saying that the wheel-wright would mend it. "What!" said the Herr Inspector Bräsig, for that was his name, "Who in the world would have believed in such stupidity? Lining, you are the oldest, I thought you had more sense; and Mining, don't cry any more, you are my little god-child, I will give you a new pot at the next fair. But now, along with you! into the house!"

As he entered the living-room, and found no one there, he said to himself, "To be sure! All are gone after the hay. Yes, I ought to be looking after my hay; but the little madcaps have left these things in such a state, that they would be in sad disgrace if the two old grannies should see them as they are now; I must try to repair damages a little." With that he drew out a little pocket-comb,—which he kept by him because he was growing bald, and must needs comb forward his back hair,—and began to labour at the peruke. That did very well; but now came the cap. "How the mischief, Lining, have you contrived to do it? To make it look decently again is not a

possible thing! No, I must try to recollect how the old lady looks of a Sunday afternoon. In front she has a comely bunch of silken curls, and the front part of the old toggery hangs over about three inches, so the thing must be set forward more. On top she has nothing in particular, her bald head always shines through; but behind she always has a puff, which she stuffs out with a bunch of tow; that the little girl has quite disarranged; that must be pulled out better;" and with that he stuck his fist in the cap, and widened out the puff.

But in the back part of the puff there was a drawing-string, and as he was doing his work thoroughly the cord broke, and the whole puff flew out. "Now there, stupid!" cried he, and his eyebrows went up again. "How? This isn't fastened worth a snap! With yarn! And one can't tie knots in it. God bless my soul! What do I know about millinery? But hold on! We will fix you yet." And with that he pulled from his pocket a handful of strings—every good inspector must have such on hand—and began to disentangle them. "Pack thread is too coarse; but this here, this will do well enough," and he began to put a nice stiff cord through the hem. But the job was a slow one, and before he was half through, somebody knocked at the door. He threw his handiwork down on the nearest chair, as if ashamed of it, and cried, "Come in!"

The door opened, and Habermann, with his little daughter on his arm, stepped in. Inspector Bräsig started up. "May you—keep the nose on your face," he was going to say, but when anything serious happened to him he had an unfortunate habit of falling into Platt-Deutsch,—"Karl Habermann, where do you come from?"

"Good day, Bräsig," said Habermann, and put the child down.

"Karl Habermann," cried Bräsig again, "where do you come from?"

"From a place, Bräsig, where I have now nothing more to look for," said his friend. "Is my sister not at home?"

"They are all in the hay; but how shall I understand you?"

"That it is all over with me; day before yesterday all my goods were sold at auction; and yesterday morning"—here he turned to the window—"yesterday morning I buried my wife."

"What? what? Oh, dear Lord!" cried the kind-hearted inspector. "Your wife? your dear, good wife?"—and the tears ran over his red face—"Friend, old friend, say, how did that happen?"

"Yes, how did it happen?" said Habermann, and seated himself, and related his misfortunes in few words.

Meanwhile, Lining and Mining went slowly and shyly toward the strange child, saying nothing, but ever drawing a little nearer, till Lining mustered courage, and took hold of the sleeve of her dress, and Mining showed the fragments of her pot: "Look, my pot is broken." The little new-comer however looked around shyly with her large eyes, and fixed them at last closely upon her father.

"Yes," Habermann closed his short story, "it has gone hard with me, Bräsig, and you still hold my note for two hundred dollars; but don't press me, if God spares my life, you shall be honourably paid."

"Karl Habermann,—Karl Habermann," said Bräsig, and wiped his eyes, and blew his stately nose, "You are—you are a sheep's-head! Yes," said he, and stuffed his handkerchief fiercely into his pocket, and elevated his nose again, "You are just the sheep's-head you always were!" And as if it occurred to him that his old friend should be diverted to other thoughts, he picked up Lining and Mining like a couple of dolls, and set them on Habermann's knee,—"There, you little rogues, that is your uncle!"—exactly as if Lining and Mining were playthings, and Habermann a little child, who might be comforted by them in his trouble; and he himself took Habermann's little Louise on his arm, and danced with her about the room, and all this time the tears were running down his cheeks, and for a happy ending he put the child down in a chair, and, as it happened, exactly the chair on which he had deposited his half-finished millinery.

By this time the house-people were coming back from the hay-field, and a loud, clear, female voice was heard without, urging the maids to hasten. "Hurry, hurry, come out with your milk-pails, the sun is going down, and this year the pasture is so far off; we shall have to milk to night in the twilight. Girl, where are your trenchers? Quick, run in and fetch them. Go right along; I must look after my little ones first." And into the room came a tall young woman, of seven and twenty years, full of life and energy in face and figure, her cheeks red with health and labor and the heat of the summer day, hair and eyes light, and forehead white as snow, so far as the chip hat had sheltered it from the sun. At the first glance one saw the likeness between her and Habermann, but

his features and demeanor seemed reserved, and hers quite fresh and open; her whole appearance showed that she was as active a worker from temperament as he was from honor and duty.

To see her brother, and to fly toward him was all one. "Karl, my brother Karl, my other father!" cried she, and hung about his neck; but, as she looked more closely into his eyes, she held him back from herself: "Tell me what has happened, tell me what dreadful thing has happened! what is it?"

Before he could answer, her husband entered the door, and going up to Habermann gave him his hand, and said slowly, as if with an effort; "Good day, brother-in-law; take a seat."

"Let him tell what has happened to him," cried his wife, impatiently.

"Yes," said Jochen, "sit down, and then tell. Good day to you also, Bräsig; sit down too, Bräsig," and with that Jochen Nüssler, or as he was generally called young Jochen, sat down himself in a corner by the stove, which piece of furniture he had bought with his own separate money. He was a long lean man, who carried himself with stooping shoulders, and it seemed as if all his limbs had particular objections to being put to the ordinary use. He was well on toward forty, his face was pale, and as dull as his speech, and his soft sandy hair hung in front and behind of equal length, over his forehead and the collar of his coat, and never had known any fashions of parting or curling; his mother had from his childhood up combed the hair over his face, and so it had stayed, and when it looked rather tangled his mother would say: "Never mind, Joching, the rough foal makes the smartest horse." Whether it was because his eyes must always peer through this long hair, or from his nature, his glance had something shy, as if he could not see things clearly or make up his mind positively, and though he was right-handed, his mouth was askew. This came from tobacco-smoking, for that was the one business which he followed with perseverance, and as he kept the pipe hanging in the left corner of his mouth, it had drawn it down in that direction, and, while looking at him from the right it seemed as if he could not say "zipp," from the left he appeared like an ogre who would devour children.

Now he sat there in his own especial chimney-corner, and smoked out of his peculiar mouth-corner, and while his impulsive wife for sorrow and compassion

lamented over Habermann's story as if it had all happened to herself that very day, and now it was her brother, and now his little daughter that she kissed and comforted, he sat and looked over at the chief actors, from the side next Bräsig, and with the tobacco smoke came now and then a couple of broken words from the left side of his mouth: "Yes, it is all so, as you say. It is all as true as leather. What shall we do about it?"

The Herr Inspector Bräsig was the exact opposite of young Jochen; now he ran about the room, now he sat down on a chair, and now on a table, and worked his little legs with jumping up and down, like a linen-weaver, and when Frau Nüssler kissed and stroked her brother, he kissed and stroked him also, and when Frau Nüssler took the little child in her arms and patted her, then he took her up afterward, and carried her about the room, and sat her down again in a chair, but always on grandmother's cap.

"God bless me!" cried the house wife suddenly, "have I clean forgotten everything? Bräsig, you should have thought of it. All this time you have had nothing to eat and drink!" and with that she ran to the cup-board, and brought fair, white, country bread, and fresh butter, and went out and brought in sausages and ham and cheese, and a couple of bottles of the strong beer brewed especially for grandfather, and a pitcher of milk for the little ones; and when all was neatly arranged on the white table-cloth, she drew her brother to the table, and taking up the little girl, chair and all, sat her down to the table also, and cut bread, and served them, and all so nimble with hand and foot, and as nimble with mouth and speech. And so bright were knife and fork, and as bright mien and eye; and so pure and white apron and table-cloth, and as pure and white her good heart!

"You shall have something next," said she to her little twin-apples, and stroked the little flaxen heads. "Little cousin comes first. Bräsig, sit up to the table. Jochen, you come too."

"Yes, I may as well," said Jochen, took a long, last pull at his pipe, and brought his chair and himself to the table.

"Karl," said Bräsig, "I can recommend these sausages, your sister has an uncommon knack at them, and I have many a time told my housekeeper she should get the recipe, for the old woman messes all sorts of unnatural things together, which don't harmonize at all; in short there is no suitability or connection, although the

ingredients are as good as a swine fed exclusively on peas can furnish."

"Mother, help Bräsig," said Jochen.

"Thank you, Frau Nüssler; but with your leave I will take my drop of Kümmel. Karl, since the time when you and I and that rascal Pomuchelskopp were serving our apprenticeship under old Krinkstädt, I have accustomed myself to take a little Kümmel with my breakfast, or with my bit of supper, and it suits me well, thank God! But, Karl, how came you to get in with that rascal Pomuchelskopp? I told you long ago the beggar was not to be trusted; he is such an old snake, he is a crafty hound, in short, he is a Jesuit."

"Ah, Bräsig," said Habermann, "we won't talk about it. It is true he might have treated me differently, but still I was to blame; why did I fall in with his proposal? Something else is in my head now. If I could only have a place again!"

"Of course, you must have a place again. My gracious Herr Count is looking out for a competent inspector for his principal estate; but, Karl, don't take it ill of me, that wouldn't suit you. Do you see, you must be rigged every morning with freshly blacked boots and a tight-fitting coat, and you must talk High-German to him, for he regards Platt-Deutsch as uncultivated, and then you have all the women about your neck, for they rule everything there. And if you could get along with the boots and the dress-coat, and the High-German,—for you used to know it well enough, though you may be a little out of practice now,—yet the women would be too much for you. The gracious Countess looks after you in the cow-stable and in the pig-pen. In short it is a service like—what shall I say? like Sodom and Gomorrah!"

"Look here!" cried the mistress of the house, "it just occurs to me that the Pumpehagen inspector is going to leave on St. John's day; that will be the place for you, Karl."

"Frau Nüssler is always right," said Bräsig. "What the Herr Kammerath von Pumpelhagen is,—for he laid the emphasis in the man's title always upon *rath*, so that it seemed as if he and the Kammerath had served in the army together, or at least had eaten out of the same spoon and platter,—what the Herr Kammerath von Pumpelhagen is, nobody knows better than I. A man who thinks much of his people, and gives a good salary, and is quite a gentleman of the old school. He knew you too, in old times, Karl. That is the right place for you, and to-morrow I

will go over there with you. What do you say to it, young Jochen?"

"Yes," said Herr Nüssler, "it is all as true as leather."

"Bless me!" cried the young wife, and an anxious look overspread her handsome face, "how I forget everything to-day! If grandfather and grandmother knew that we were sitting down to supper with company, and they not called, they would never forgive me. Sit a little closer together, children. Jochen, you might have thought of it."

"Yes, what shall I do about it now?" said Jochen, as she was already out of the room.

It was not long before the two old people came back with her, shuffling in with their leathern slippers. Upon both their faces lay that lurking expectation and that vague curiosity which comes from very dull hearing, and which quite too easily passes into an expression of obstinacy and distrust. It has justly been said that married people, who have lived long together, and have thought and cared and worked for the same objects, come at last to look like each other; and even if that is not true of the cut of the features, it holds good for the expression. Both looked like people who never had allowed themselves any pleasure or satisfaction which would be in the least expensive; both looked shabby and dingy in their clothing, as if they must still be sparing and tug at the wheel, and as if even water cost money. No look of comfort in their old age, no pleasure sparkled in their eyes, for they had had but one pleasure in their whole lives,—that was their Jochen and his good success; now they were laid aside and heaviness lay on their natures, and on their only joy, for Jochen was quite too heavy; but for his success they still cared and toiled,—it was the last goal of their lives.

The old man was almost imbecile, but the old woman still kept her faculties, and her eyes glanced furtively into all the corners, like a pair of sharers watching their opportunity.

Habermann rose and gave his hand to the two old people, and his sister stood by, looking anxiously in their faces to see what they thought of the visit. She had already told them the occasion of her brother's coming, and that might have been the reason why their faces looked sorer than usual; or it might have been on account of the luxurious supper with which the table was spread.

The old folks sat down to the table. The old woman looked sharply at Haber-

mann's little girl. "Is that his?" she asked.

The young woman nodded.

"Going to stay here?" she asked further.

The young woman nodded again.

"So!" said the old woman, and prolonged the word, as if to indicate all the damage which she expected her Jochen to suffer on that account. "Yes, times are hard," she began, as if she must have a fling at the times, "and one has enough to do to carry oneself through the world."

The old man all the time was looking at the beer bottles and Bräsig's glass. "Is that my beer?" asked he.

"Yes," shouted Bräsig into his ear, "and it is fine beer, which Frau Nüssler has brewed, a good cordial for a thin, weak person."

"Too extravagant! Too extravagant!" muttered the old man to himself. The old woman ate, but kept looking away, over the table, toward the chest of drawers.

The young wife, who must have studied attentively the old woman's behavior, looked in the same direction, and perceived with horror that the cap was missing from the stand. "Good heavens! what had become of the cap?" She had herself that very morning plaited it and hung it up on the stand.

"Where is my cap for to-morrow?" asked the old woman, at last.

"Never mind now, mother," said the young woman, bending toward her, "I will get it for you by and by."

"Is it all plaited?"

The young woman nodded, and thought surely now grandmother would be satisfied; but the old woman glanced her eyes sideways about the room, as, fifty years ago, she had been used to look at young men. The Herr Inspector Bräsig called his sins to mind, as they began to talk about the cap, and tried, in a couple of hasty glances, to ascertain what had become of the affair; but he had not much time, for there shot over the old woman's face such a bitter-sweet, venomous grin, that she reminded one of the dry bread steeped in poisonous syrup with which one catches flies.

"Are you sure you plaited it?" said she, and pointed to Habermann's little Louise.

"Good heavens, what is that!" cried the young woman, and sprang up and perceived an end of the cap-string hanging out under the child's little dress. She lifted the child, and would have taken the head-gear, but the old woman was quicker.

Hastily she seized her disordered finery, and, as she perceived the burst-out puff and Bräsig's half-inserted drawing-string, the venom broke out, and, holding up the cap, "Mischievous child!" cried she, and made a motion as if she would box the child's ears with it.

But Bräsig caught her arm, and cried, "The child knows nothing about it;" and to himself he muttered, "The old dragon!" And behind grandmother's chair began a great crying, and Mining sobbed, "Won't do it again! Won't do it again!" and Lining sobbed also, "Won't do it again! Won't do it again!"

"Bless my soul!" cried the young woman, "our own children have done the mischief. Mother, it was our own children!" But the old woman had all her life understood too well what was for her own advantage, not to know in her old age how to profit by her grievances; what she would not hear, she did not hear, and she would not hear this. She called and beckoned to the old man: "Come!"

"Mother, mother," begged the young woman, "give me the cap, I will make it all right again."

"Who is up in the pasture?" asked the old woman, and went with old Jochen out of the door.

Young Jochen lighted his pipe. "God bless me!" said the young woman, "she is right, I must go to the pasture. Grandmother will not think well of me for the next four weeks."

"Gruff was an old dog," said Bräsig, "but Gruff had to give in at last."

"Don't cry any longer, you poor little things," said the mother, drying her children's tears. "You didn't mean any harm, but you are too heedless. And now behave well, and play with little cousin. I must go. Jochen, look after the children a little," and with that she put on her chip hat and went to the pasture.

"Mothers-in-law are the devil's claw!" said Bräsig. "But you, young Jochen," turning to the man, who sat there as if his mother and his wife were no concern of his, "you should be ashamed of yourself to let your wife be so abused by the old woman."

"Yes? what shall I do about it, being her son?" said young Jochen.

"You cannot beat her, to be sure, since they are unfortunately your parents; but you might give a filial admonition, now and then, like a dutiful son, that the devil in her must be cast out, if she will not keep peace in the family. And you, Karl Habermann, don't take this little quarrel

too much to heart; for your dear sister has a good temper and a joyous heart. She soon gets over it, and the old termagant must give in at last, for they can do nothing without her. The young woman is the mainspring of the house. "But"—here he drew out from his pocket an immense double-cased watch, such a thing as one calls a warming-pan—"really, it is close upon seven! I must hurry, for my people need looking after."

"Hold on," said Habermann, "I will go part way with you. Good-bye for so long, Jochen."

"Good-bye, also, brother-in-law," said Jochen, and remained sitting in his corner.

As they came out of doors, Habermann said, "But, Bräsig, how can you speak so of the old people, in their son's presence?"

"He is used to it, Karl. No devil could endure those two old dogs-in-the-manger. They have embroiled themselves with the whole neighborhood, and as for the servants, they run miles to get out of their way."

"Good heavens," said Habermann, "my poor sister! She was such a joyous child, and now in such a house, and with such a lout of a man!"

"There you are right, Karl, he is an old lout (Nüss), and Nüssler is his name; but he does not treat your sister badly, and, although he is an old blockhead and has no sort of smartness about him, he is not yet so dull that he cannot see how your sister manages the whole concern."

"The poor girl! On my account, that she might not be a burden on me, as she said, and that our old mother might see one of her children settled before her death, she took the man.

"I know all about it, Karl, I know it from my own experience. Don't you remember? It was in rye-harvest, and you said to me, 'Zachary,' said you, 'your activity is a disadvantage to you, you are carrying in your rye still damp.' And I said, 'How so?' For on Sunday we had already had Streichelber, and your sister was there also, and with such weather why shouldn't I get in my rye? And then I told you, unless I am mistaken, that of my three partners I would marry no other than your sister. Then you laughed again, so mischievously, and said, she was still too young. 'What has her youth to do with it?' said I. Then you said again my other two partners had the first chance, and laughed, not believing I was in earnest; and so the matter dawdled along for awhile, for my gracious Herr Count would

not give his consent, and allowed no married inspectors. And next thing it was too late, for young Jochen had spoken for her, and your mother was on his side. No, it was not to be," said the honest old fellow, looking pensively along his nose, "but when I see her little rogues of twins, and think to myself that they ought rightly to be mine, listen to me, Karl, then I feel as if I could trample the old woman and old Jochen and young Jochen into the ground together. But it is a real blessing to the old Jesuits that your sister has come into the house, with her kind heart and cheerful disposition; for if they had had a daughter-in-law of a different sort, they would long since have been dead and buried."

With these words, they had come out of the hamlet, and as they turned by the farm-garden Habermann exclaimed, "Good heavens, can it be that the two old people are standing on that hill?"

"Yes," said Bräsig, with a scornful laugh, "there is the old pack of Jesuits again at their place of retirement."

"Retirement!" exclaimed Habermann. "On a hill-top!"

"It is even so, Karl. The old reptile trusts nobody, not her own children, and if she has something to say which her ordinary gestures and pantomime will not suffice for, then they always come here to this steep hill, where they can see all around if any one is within hearing, and then they shout their secrets in each other's ears. Yes, now they are in full conclave, the old woman has laid a dragon's egg, and they are setting on it together."

"She is so hasty and passionate," said Habermann. "Just see how the old woman gesticulates! What would she have?"

"I know right well what they are deliberating and ruminating upon. I can understand a hundred paces off, for I know her of old. And Karl," he added, after a little thought, raising his eyebrows, "it is best you should know all, that you may hold yourself ready; they are talking of you and your little one."

"Of me, and my little girl?" asked Habermann, in astonishment.

"Yes, Karl. You see if you had come with a great bag of money, they would have welcomed you with open arms, for money is the one thing which they hold in respect; but in your temporary embarrassment they look upon you and your little girl as nothing better than a couple of intruders, who will take the bread from their

mouths, and from their old blockhead of a Jochen."

"God bless me!" cried Habermann, "why didn't I leave the child with the Rassows? What shall I do with the poor little thing? Do you know any expedient? I cannot leave her here, not even with my own sister can I leave her here."

"But naturally, you wish to have her near you. Now I will tell you, Karl, tonight you must stay with the Nüssler's; tomorrow we will go to the Herr Kammerath at Pumelhagen. If that goes well, then we can find a place for the child here in the neighbourhood; if not, we will ride to the city, and there we must find some opening,—if not otherwise, with the merchant Kurzen. And now good-bye, Karl! Don't take the matter too much to heart,—things will improve, Karl!" whereupon he departed.

"Yes, if all were like you," said Habermann, as he went back to his sister's house, "then I should get over the steep mountain; but get over it I must, and will," and the cheerful courage, which had been nurtured by labor and his feeling of duty, broke through the gloom, like the sun through a mist. "My sister shall suffer no inconvenience on my account, and I will take care of my child myself."

In the evening, when the milk had been cared for, Habermann walked with his sister along the garden-path, and she spoke of his, and he of her, troubles.

"Eh, Karl," said she, "don't fret about me! I am used to it all now. Yes, it is true, the old folks are very selfish and irritable; but if they sulk at me for a week, I forget it all the next hour, and as for Jochen, I must own that he lays nothing in my way, and has never given me a hard word. If he were only a little more active and ready,—but that is not to be looked for in him. I have enough to do in my house-keeping, but I have to concern myself with the out-of-door work, too, which is not a woman's business, and there Bräsig is a real comfort to me, for he has an eye to the fields and the farm-yard, and starts Jochen up a little."

"Does the farming go well on the whole, and do you come out right at the year's end?" asked the brother.

"It does not go as well as it ought. We

are too sparing for that, and the old folks will not allow us to make any changes or improvements. We come out right, and the rent is always paid promptly, but there are Jochen's two old brothers-in-law, the merchant Kurzen, and the Rector Baldrian—they made quite a stir about it, and set the old people and us by the ears because they wanted their share of the property. The Rector doesn't really need it, but he is such an old miser; but Kurzen could use his money, for he is a merchant, and will yet have a large business. But the two old people wish to give almost everything to Jochen, and with that which they have kept back for themselves they cannot part, and the old-woman has an old rhyme, which she always quotes, if one touches on the subject:—

"Who to his children gives his bread,
Himself shall suffer need instead,
And with a club be stricken dead."

But it is wrong, all wrong, and no blessing can come of it, for one child is as good as another, and at first I said that right out to the old people. Oh, what an uproar there was! They had earned it, and what had I brought into the family? Upon my knees I ought to thank God and them, that they would make a man of Jochen. But I have persuaded Jochen, so that to Kurzen at least he has from time to time given upwards of fifteen hundred thalers. The old woman has noticed it, to be sure, and has reckoned it all up, but she does not know yet the truth of the matter; because, since Jochen is rather slow, and is not used to reckoning, I keep the purse myself, and there I positively will not allow grandmother to interfere. No, grandmother, I am not so stupid as that! If I have a house of my own, I will have my own purse. And that is their great grievance, that they can no longer play the guardian over Jochen; but Jochen is almost forty, and if he will not rule himself, then I will rule him, for I am his wife, and the nearest to him, as our Frau Pastorin says. Now, tell me, Karl, am I right or am I wrong?"

"You are right, Dürten," said Habermann.

With that they said good-night, and went to bed.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
RABELAIS.

THE ordinary notions of Rabelais are derived partly from Pope's famous, but not very wise line, and partly from the fact of his being generally called the "cure of Meudon," an appointment which 'e held for less than two years, out of a life of seventy.

We picture him to ourselves as a jovial priest, with a reputation by no means doubtful; a heathen in his worship of two at least of the Latin deities: one who mumbled a mass and bawled a drinking-song; who spent the briefest time possible over vespers, and the longest possible over supper; who laughed and mocked at all things human and divine; who was a hog for appetite, and a monkey for tricks.

He has been described, by men professing to write about him, as a Lutheran, a Catholic, a Calvinist; as a great moral teacher, a mere buffoon, and a notorious infidel. Partizans look on this many-sided man from their own side only. For, in a way, he was most of these things. He was a Catholic, inasmuch as he never left the Church in which he was born; he was a Protestant, so far as he devoted his best energies to pour contempt on abuses which were the main causes of Protestantism; and he was an infidel to the extent of refusing to accept the teaching either of Rome or of Geneva, of Luther or the Sorbonne. To paint him as a moral teacher alone is to ignore the overwhelming drollery of his character; while to set him up as a mere merry-andrew is to forget the earnestness—not much like that of the nineteenth century, but something as real, if not so feverish—which underlies his writings, and makes itself felt whenever he is not laughing with you and for you.

Let us get at the real story of his life. The facts are not many, so far as they can be ascertained, and will not take long telling.

He was born about the year 1483,* at Chinon, in Touraine, where his father appears to have had a hostelry and a small farm. A good deal of discussion has been raised as to the quality and condition of his family, but after four hundred years we can afford to be careless about the question. In those days, and indeed long afterwards, lowness of birth furnished a tremendous weapon of offence in literary controversy. They hurled at Rabelais, for

instance, the fact of his father having kept an inn, and waited, looking to see him subside, which he unaccountably refused to do. In later years M. Jean Baptiste Poquelin, and later still, M. François Marie Arouet, suffered a good deal from similar taunts; while, before either of them was born, poor Théophile Viand, when his enemies contemptuously called him Viaut,—an insult which deprived him of all claim to territorial gentility,—was reduced to mere dregs of despair and rage.

Rabelais, then, was of the middle class. In an evil hour, while yet a boy, he entered the convent of Fontenay-le-Comte, and became a Franciscan monk, one of that order to whom all study was a criminal waste of time, and the study of Greek, in particular, a deadly sin. There he remained for fifteen years, becoming a priest about the year 1511. Very fortunately for himself, he had made, before putting on the monastic robe, some friends who never deserted him, especially André Tiraqueau, who helped him in his sorest need; Geoffroi d'Estissac, afterwards Bishop of Maillezais; and the brothers Du Bellay, all of whom became eminent men.

Perhaps by the help of these friends, perhaps by his own ingenuity, he found means to carry on his studies, and even to keep up a correspondence in Greek with Budæus. It was somewhere about 1520 that the Chapter of the convent—who, one would think, must have had for some time suspicions of the abominable thing going on within their walls—made a sudden raid on the cells of Rabelais and his friend Pierre Lamy, and found there, not without horror, Greek books. Then a mysterious event occurred, for which no reasons, save vague and incredible reasons, have ever been assigned. Rabelais was condemned to the punishment called "in pace;" that is, to imprisonment in the dungeons of the convent for the whole term of his natural life, on bread and water. How long he remained in this seclusion we do not know. His friends, and especially Tiraqueau, now Governor of Touraine, getting some inkling of his misfortune, managed, by force, it is said, to get him out. He appears to have then gone into hiding for some time, until, by the special permission of the Pope, in 1521, he passed over to the Benedictine Order, into the Abbey of Maillezais. Here he was further permitted to hold whatever benefices might be given him, in spite of his Franciscan vow of poverty.

Once having got his protection from the Franciscans, Rabelais seems to have cared

* This date is disputed, some putting his birth in the year 1495. There does not seem sufficient reason for departing from the received tradition.

very little about conciliating the Benedictines. On the contrary, he threw aside the monastic garb altogether, put on that of a secular priest, and became secretary to the Bishop of Maillezais. Perhaps the Benedictines were content to see him go. His presence among them would be certainly considered as a *gêne*, and probably an insult. It was as if among the magic circle of the Senior Fellows — say, of Trinity — were intruded one whose chief article of belief was that all fellowships should be abolished, and who was known to secretly advocate the sale of college livings and the abolition of college feasts.

It is uncertain how long he remained with the Bishop. Somewhere about 1530 he went to the University of Montpellier. His feats at that school of learning are too long to narrate; how he was received among them by acclamation; how he pleaded the privileges of the university in — let us say, a different languages, the number varying according to the imagination of the narrator; how he wrote and acted farces; how he lectured, and how he laughed. After two years at Montpellier he went to Lyons, on the invitation of his friend, Etienne Dolet. Here he published the second volume of the medical letters of Manardi, "Hippocratis et Galeni libri aliquot;" and a forgery, of which he was the dupe, of a Latin will. Finding that the demand for these works was but small, he revenged himself, as tradition says, with considerable air of probability, by writing the "Chronique Gargantua."

This had an enormous and immediate success, and was followed, in 1533, by the first book of "Pantagruel," of which three editions were sold the same year; and in 1534 by "Gargantua," a revised and much altered edition of the "Chronique."

In 1534 he accompanied Jean du Bellay, Bishop of Paris, in his journey to Rome, whither he went to effect a reconciliation, if possible, between Henry the Eighth and the Pope. Returning to Lyons, he did good service to literature by publishing Marliani's "Topography of Ancient Rome," and at the same time an Almanack for 1535. The affair of the placards at Paris happened about this time, and Rabelais, as deeply inimical to the Sorbonne as any, thought it prudent, with all the band of *nouveaux* and free-thinkers, to take refuge in Italy till the storm blew over. He seems to have chosen the safest place in Europe for a man of heretical opinions — Rome; here he obtained permission to lay aside the Benedictine habit and to

practise medicine gratuitously, and as soon as possible he got back to France.

He was now getting old. Peace and tranquillity came to him at last. He got permission of the Pope to quit the Benedictine Order, the habit of which he had previously laid aside. The powerful family Du Bellay protected and loved him. The Cardinal gave him a Canonry; Martin du Bellay (the roi d'Yvetot) entertained him in Normandy, René du Bellay at Maur; and Guillaume du Bellay, Seigneur de Langey, had the author of "Pantagruel" with him as much as he could.

In 1546 appeared the "third book," protected by royal privilege. The appearance of this, and the failure of the Sorbonne either to prevent its appearance or to prosecute the author, caused a long series of vexatious attempts to attack him through numerous imitations of his work. These all fell to the ground, and leaving his enemies to do their worst, he went once more to Rome, in 1548, with Cardinal du Bellay.

Through the influence of Diane de Poitiers, he obtained a privilege from Henry the Second for his "fourth book." It was printed in 1552, but prevented from appearing till the following year.

In January 1553 he resigned his living of St. Christophe, which had been given him by René du Bellay. On the 9th of February he resigned the living of Meudon, which he had held for two years only. His "fourth book" appeared in March, and in April he died.

It is important to bear in mind, when reading his works, some of their dates:

- 1483. His birth.
- 1533. Pantagruel, Book I. — commonly called the second book.
- 1534. Gargantua.
- 1546. Pantagruel, Book II. — called the third book.
- 1553. Pantagruel, Book III. — called the fourth.
- His death.

And, in 1562, appeared the first sixteen chapters of the last book.

The "fourth book," therefore, was given to the world a few days before his death; while the last did not appear till ten years afterwards.

When the first book of "Pantagruel" was written, the author was fifty years of age. It was not the work of a young man; there was no justification for its faults on the score of youth, and no inexperience to plead in modification of its

judgments. The wisdom of a life spent in study was to be expected; the fruits of many a year's toil; the results of observation of many men and many manners. The age of the author is, indeed, one of the most singular things about it. At a time when most men, dulled by disappointment, and saddened by the loss of all their youthful illusions, begin to fall back upon that gravity of resignation which is one of the saddest properties of age, Rabelais, with the freshness of twenty, but with the wisdom of fifty, begins first to accuse, then to instruct, and finally to laugh at the world. There can be no doubt that his first intention, when he wrote the "Chronique Gargantuine," a mere farrago of nonsense, was to write a burlesque on the romances of the day, full of giants, knights, and tales of enchantment. Succeeding beyond his hopes, achieving a sudden reputation in a new and hitherto untried line, he continued his tale. But then the impossible became, by slow degrees, possible and human: by slow degrees, because he could not suddenly, nor altogether, abandon the burlesque, and because the quaint and misshapen creations of his fancy took time to alter their forms, and become, even approximately, men. Not men and women, because Rabelais has no women in his books. Man's heart he could read, but not woman's. Like Swift, he shows no signs of passion. Unlike Swift, he did not write till an age when the passion of his youth had had time to consume itself in those long days and nights of toil during which he secretly read Plato in the convent cell of Fontenay-le-Comte. His monastic manhood betrays itself in this, that there is no word in his books to show that he even guessed at the possibility of the purity of love, or the chance that Heaven created the other sex for other purpose than a snare and an occasion for falling to men. Passion was not in Swift's nature; it was killed in Rabelais. The great fault, common to both, is worse in Swift than in Rabelais, because the former always mixed freely with men and women, while the latter belonged wholly to men. We cannot help a comparison of some sort between the two, but how immeasurably superior is Rabelais in sympathy, in dignity, in power of conception, and in all those fine touches which show the insight of genius.

We are also reminded of Cervantes. He, too, resolved on writing a burlesque on romances. Presently the caricatures he has conceived begin to show human properties. The moon-struck madness of

Don Quixote is not incompatible with wisdom of the highest kind, chivalry of the highest type. Sancho, who at first follows his master in the hope of bettering his fortunes, follows him afterwards from the noblest sense of affectionate loyalty, when all his hopes of fortune are scattered. And as Pantagruel becomes the wisest of kings, Don Quixote becomes the knightliest of knights. For life is too serious to make good burlesque writing possible except within very narrow limits; and directly the puppets touch on human interests, they become themselves human.

It is impossible, in this brief space to convey to those who do not know Rabelais, any adequate conception of the book or the man; too many things require illustration; too many points require to be dwelt upon. For those who do not know him, an apology is due for the mere attempt to consider him in these few columns.

Let us however, keeping the comic element as much as possible out of consideration, try a brief notice of the contents of the books.

The first is of the great giant Gargantua, son of Grandgousier (and Gargamelie), his birth, childhood, education, and triumphant victories over King Pierochole. This book, altered as it is from its original form, is full of absurdities and extravagances. Gargantua rides a great mare to Paris, who by the whisking of her tail knocks down whole forests; he robs Notre Dame of its bells; he combs the cannon balls out of his hair after a battle; he eats up six pilgrims in a salad, who live for some time in the valleys and recesses of his mouth—with other diverting incidents, most of which are to be found in the first edition. The satirical element is much stronger in this book than in the first of "Pantagruel," which, as has been stated, appeared before it. It may be here remarked, that nowhere does Rabelais satirize the institution of royalty, or the profession of healing, the two things in the world for which he seems to have had a real respect.

Gargantua's education is at first confided to sophisters and schoolmasters. With them he leads the life of a clown. On rising, he combs his hair with the German comb, that is, his ten fingers, his preceptors instructing him that to wash and make himself neat is to lose time in this world. Then he gorges himself at breakfast. After breakfast he goes to church, where he hears "six-and-twenty or thirty masses." These despatched, he studies for a paltry half-hour, his heart being in the kitchen. After a huge and Gargantuan dinner, he

talks and plays with his attendants. Then he sleeps two or three hours, "without thinking or speaking any harm." After this he drinks, reads a little, visits the kitchen to see what roast meat is on the spit, sups, goes to bed and sleeps till eight. Ponocrates, his new tutor, reforms all this, and, by dint of patience, succeeds in making him forget his old habits. He now rises at four, when he begins the day with prayer and the Holy Scripture, and spends the morning (not a word now of even a single mass) in lectures and philosophical discourse. Then to tennis; after which, dinner. At dinner, the talk is of the "virtue, propriety, efficacy, and nature of all that was served in at the table . . . by means whereof he learns in a little time all the passages competent for this that are found in Plato, Athenaeus, Dioscorides, Julius Pollux, Galen, Porphyrius, Oppian, Polybius, Heliodorus, Aristotle, Ælian, and others."

Then they practise tricks with cards, by which he learns arithmetic; after this they sing, and then practise horsemanship and all manner of manly exercises. Returning home through the meadows, they herborize and study botany, and then, being arrived at their lodging, Gargantua sups, afterwards singing, learning astronomy, or playing cards till bedtime. "Then prayed they unto God the Creator, falling down before Him, and strengthening their faith towards Him: and so glorifying Him for His boundless bounty; and giving thanks to Him for the time that was past, they recommended themselves to the Divine clemency for the future."

The most remarkable chapters in this book (all written for the second edition, are those which describe Friar John's monastery of Thelemé ($\Theta\lambdaημα$). This was built and instituted after the holy friar's own scheme, to serve as a model for ever for all future convents. First, there was to be no wall round it; and because in some monasteries they sweep the ground after a woman has crossed it, Friar John ordained that if any regular monk enter the monastery every room through which he has passed shall he thoroughly scrubbed, cleansed, and purified. And because in all convents everything is done by hours, it is here strictly enjoined that no clock or dial at all be set up. For the occupants, they are to consist of women, but only those who are fair, well-featured, and of a sweet disposition; and of men, but only those who are comely and well-conditioned. Anybody may go where he or she likes, and they have free permission to marry,

to get rich, and generally to do as they please.

The buildings of the monastery, which are more splendid than those of Chantilly or of Chambéry, are described, and the fancy of the writer runs riot in picturing all the splendour, luxury, and comfort he can conceive. Thus, by the river Loire, the Thelemites spend their lives, not by laws and statutes, but according to their own free-will and pleasure. In all their regulations there is but one of universal application—"Do what thou will." On the principles of natural religion, or rather of good breeding, the monastery of Thelemé is to be governed, "because men that are free, well-born, well-bred, and conversant in honest companies, have naturally an instinct or spur which prompts them to virtuous actions;" herein the author seeming to get dangerously near the heresy of Pelagius.

The real hero of Rabelais is Pantagruel, son of Gargantua, and not Panurge as most writers have said. At his birth, his mother Badebec dies, so that Gargantua is divided between weeping for grief at the loss of his wife, and rejoicing at the birth of so fair a son.

"Ah! Badebec, Badebec, my dear heart, my honey, my tender wife, never shall I see thee again. Ah! poor Pantagruel, thou hast lost thy good mother."

"With these words he did cry like a cow, but on a sudden fell a-laughing like a calf, when Pantagruel came into his mind. 'Ha, my little son,' said he, 'my childilolly, my dandilochucky, my pretty rogue. . . O how jolly thou art! . . Ho! ho! ho! ho! how glad I am! Let us drink.' ***"

The earlier years of Pantagruel, which show too close a connection with the "Chronique Gargantuin," may be passed over. When he grows older he visits the different French universities, Montpellier, Valence, Bourges, Orleans—where he meets the Limousin scholar who talks the new Latin-French—and Paris, which gives the author an opportunity of giving his famous catalogue of the library.

And then comes Gargantua's noble letter to his son, exhorting him to study.

"And that which I now write to thee is not so much that thou shouldest live in this virtuous course, as that thou shouldest rejoice in so living and having lived, and cheer thyself up with the like resolution in time to come; to the prosecution and accomplishment of which enterprise and generous undertaking thou mayest easily

* From πάντα, says Rabelais, and *gruel*, which "in the Hagarene language doth signify thirsty."

remember how that I have spared nothing to see thee once in my life completely well-bred and accomplished; as well in virtue, honesty, and valour, as in all liberal knowledge and civility: and so to leave thee after my death as a mirror representing the person of me thy father: and if not so excellent and altogether as I do wish thee, yet such is my desire."

"I intend, and will have it so, that thou learn the languages perfectly: first of all, the Greek, as Quintilian will have it; secondly, the Latin; and then the Hebrew, for the Holy Scripture-sake; and then the Chaldee and Arabic likewise; and that thou frame thy style in Greek in imitation of Plato; and for the Latin, after Cicero. Let there be no history which thou shalt not have ready in thy memory;—unto the prosecuting of which design, books of cosmography will be very conducible, and help thee much. Of the liberal arts of geometry, arithmetic and music, I gave thee some taste when thou wert yet little, and not above five or six years old. Proceed further in them, and learn the remainder if thou canst. As for astronomy, study all the rules thereof. Let pass, nevertheless, the divining and judicial astrology, and the art of Lullius, as being nothing else but plain abuses and vanities. As for the civil law, of that I would have thee to know the texts by heart, and then to confer them with philosophy.

"Now, in matter of the knowledge of the works of nature, I would have thee give thyself curiously; that so there be no sea, river, nor fountain, of which thou dost not know the fishes; all the fowls of the air; all the several kinds of shrubs and trees, whether in forest or orchards; all the sorts of herbs and flowers that grow upon the ground; all the various metals that are hid within the bowels of the earth; together with all the diversity of precious stones that are to be seen in the orient and south parts of the world. Let nothing of all these be hidden from thee. And at some of the hours of the day apply thy mind to the study of the Holy Scriptures; first, in Greek, the New Testament, with the Epistles of the Apostles; and then the Old Testament in Hebrew. In brief, let me see thee an abyss and bottomless pit of knowledge: for from-henceforward, as thou growest great and becomest a man, thou must part from this tranquillity and art of study, thou must learn chivalry, warfare, and the exercises of the field, the better thereby to defend my house and our friends, and to succour and protect them at all their needs, against the invasion and assaults of evil doers.

"But because, as the wise man Solomon saith, Wisdom entereth not into a malicious mind, and that knowledge without conscience is but the ruin of the soul; it behoveth thee to serve, to love, to fear God, and on him to cast all thy thoughts and all thy hope, and, by faith formed in charity, to cleave unto him, so that thou mayest never be separated from him by thy sins. Set not thy heart upon vanity, for this life is transitory, but the Word of the Lord en-

dureth for ever. And, when thou shalt see that thou hast attained to all the knowledge that is to be acquired in that part, return unto me, that I may see thee, and give thee my blessing before I die. My son, the peace and grace of our Lord be with thee, Amen.

"Thy father, GARGANTUA."

Under Epistemon, his tutor, Pantagruel makes rapid progress in his study. In Paris he meets Panurge, who addresses him in thirteen different languages, the author probably bearing in mind a similar feast of his own, when he pleaded the cause of the Montpellier University. He hears and decides a cause in which the pleadings are given with great prolixity of nonsense on either side. Then we have the mischiefs of Panurge, the victories of Pantagruel, and the descent of Epistemon to the nether regions. This book, indeed, is the only really mirthful one in Rabelais. It was the natural sequel and development of the "Chronique Gargantua." There is very little satire in it, and no malice; he leaves the monks alone, and only makes fair game of the pedantry of the lawyer and the follies of the university.

It is not difficult to construct, from this book alone, a sort of master-key to the whole. Thus Pantagruel is he who collects the wisdom and knowledge of his councillors, and applies them to the practical purposes of life. Epistemon, his tutor, represents scholarship and learning, Eusthenes, the right application of strength. Friar John is the soldier and man of action, spoiled by the monkish robe. Panurge — πάνυπος — what may he not represent? He is intellect, unaided by rank or wealth. He is intellect without moral principle. He is cunning, without forethought, audacity, without bravery. He is a spendthrift, contriver, libertine, scholar, coward, wit. He has no pity, no shame, no reverence; he has no virtues at all. He has no strength, only craft; no affection, save for what will help him. Pantagruel is a great king, and Friar John a lusty comrade. But when John gets old and Pantagruel weak, Panurge will betake himself to the nearest available protector, and be as full of animal spirits, as jovial, as reckless as ever. Panurge is a man with every faculty, but without a soul.

But this kind of allegorizing is dangerous. It may be carried very far beyond what was ever intended. Still I have little doubt that some such scheme, over and above the first idea of a burlesque, was in the mind of Rabelais. Mere fooling, to a man so learned, would have been simply

impossible, and his genius is nowhere so conspicuous as in the exquisitely human touches of tenderness and sympathy that light up his pages. But there is this one character that has neither sympathy nor tenderness, and I am more and more convinced that in Panurge Rabelais seriously designed to show the world man, in his highest development of intellect, but with no soul,—stripped of that divine element which gives him, alone in the world, the power of sympathy. It would be in vain to follow up the allegory always sitting loosely upon him, and which in his last two books the writer deliberately neglects in order to satirize the Church; and all his characters, except Panurge and Pantagruel, sink into insignificance when they visit the islands of Papimanie and Papefigue, and the abode of the great Pope-hawk.

Panurge, I have said, is not the hero of Rabelais. It is the consistency of his character alone, and the prominent part he plays, that has led critics to forget his real subordination to the leading figure of the group; and the majestic conception of Pantagruel, wise and calm, is only brought into stronger relief by the turbulent boisterousness of his follower.

We may put aside, too, as wholly absurd, the old idea that the work depicts the living personages of the time. Nothing can be sillier than the so-called keys to Rabelais. Allusions, it is true, are constantly being made to topics of the day, to local gossip, and contemporary anecdote. In the details of the book, as well as in its spirit, there is a flood of light thrown upon the thought of a time—a time more abundantly illustrated than almost any other. Indeed, from Brantôme, Marot, Des Periers, Rabelais, and Erasmus, the first fifty years of that remarkable century might be reproduced with a vividness and fidelity to which I think no other period, unless it be the last century, presents a parallel.

The third book opens with Panurge's prodigality, after Pantagruel had given him the lordship of Salmygondin, and his discourse on the pleasure and profit of being in debt.

"Be pleased to represent unto your fancy another world, wherein everyone lendeth and everyone oweth, and all are debtors and all creditors. What would be the harmony among the regular movement of the heavens! I think I hear it as well as ever Plato did. What sympathy between the elements! . . . I lose myself in the contemplation. Among men, peace, honour, love, fidelity, repose, banquets, feasts, joy, de-

light, gold, silver, small money, chains, rings, merchandise, will run from hand to hand. No lawsuits: no war: no disputes: no one then will be a usurer, a miser! avaricious, or a refuser of loans. Good God! will it not be the age of gold—the kingdom of Saturn—the idea of the Olympic regions, in which all other virtues cease, and Charity alone is regent, mistress, queen?"

Then came Panurge's grave doubts on the subject of marriage, and the incomparable chapter where he sets forth his difficulties to Pantagruel, receiving from him the alternate advice, "Marry, then," and "Then do not marry."

The rest of the book is chiefly made up of the advice given to Panurge by different councillors, none of whom advances his cause at all. Here, too, occurs the case of Judge Bridoise,—without any exception, the finest piece of comedy in the whole of Rabelais. The humour consists not so much in making the poor old judge, against whom an appeal has been lodged, confess that he decided this case, and has decided all others during his whole life, by the throw of the dice, keeping big dice for important cases, and small dice for trifling ones, as in the judge's perfect incapacity to see any reason for concealing the fact, or any other method of arriving at perfect justice and fair dealing, and his inability to make any other defence than that, by reason of the infirmity of age, he might be prevented from rightly discerning the points of the dice, and so the course of justice be diverted.

The Sorbonne could find nothing in the third book to complain of. In one chapter, the word *âme* was printed no less than three times instead of *âme*; but King Francis refused to sanction its prohibition on that account, and the book appeared *Cum privilegio*.

Before the appearance of the fourth book, we must remember that Rabelais stripped himself of his benefices. We must also remember that he died a very few weeks after it appeared.

Now Rabelais had little of the spirit of a martyr in him. There was probably no form of religion for which he would have gone to the stake, or even, willingly, to prison; martyrdom would have been just as disagreeable to him whether at the hands of the monks or the Calvinists. Both parties would certainly have burned him, had they been able, with joy; Calvin out of the malice of a disposition rendered morbid by bodily suffering and wounded personal vanity, and the monks out of pure revenge on a man who had

done more than any other man, living or dead,—Erasmus, Buchanan, Walter de Mapes, and Jean de Meung, not excepted,—to bring them into contempt.

There must have been some protector at Court on whom Rabelais relied when he resolved on issuing this fourth book: else we must believe that in his old age he committed the only imprudent act of his life; and, after dexterously avoiding his enemies for seventy years, voluntarily put his head into the lion's mouth. He died, but that was unforeseen; and we may picture the rage of the orthodox when their old enemy, now almost within their grasp, slipped quietly out of their hands. The Church never forgets; priests never forgive; and it was well for the writer that his life was not prolonged beyond his threescore years and ten.

To the protection of the Du Bellay family, he probably added that of Cardinal Odet. He it was, I think, who subsequently became a professed Protestant, and took a wife. There must have been others, and the nature of the work must have been known to them; for now a change comes over the spirit of the book. It is no longer the pure spirit of drollery; there is no more tenderness; the old geniality seems gone out of it; the animal spirits of the old man are dying out; the fire of his resentment mounts higher; all is fierce, vehement, bitter satire; he laughs, with a gibe at the monks; he moralizes, with a jest on the priests.

The last book may be taken with the fourth, though it did not appear till ten years after the death of the writer, and then without his final touches and corrections. It lacks these; its bitterness is too keen; it has no geniality at all, though it wants some, if only to set off and heighten the boundless measure of its contempt for monks and priests.

In the fourth book, however, we are not wholly without fun. There we may read how Panurge bargained for the sheep; how the Lord de Basché struck a wholesale terror into bailiffs; how Francis Villon was revenged on Friar Tickletoly; how the great storm fell upon them, with the cowardly conduct of Panurge; and how the frozen words fell on the deck, and melted, and were heard. Here, indeed, are goodly materials for mirth. But the tone of the whole is somehow changed.

They visit, during this Odyssean voyage, the island of Shrovetide, the island of Papefigue, the inhabitants of which, though once rich, were now poor, wretched, and subject to the Papimanes. Then they

go to the island of Papemanie—“*navigasmes par ung jour en sérénité et tout plaisir, quand à nostre veue s'offrit la benoiste isle des Papimanes*”—and observe the calm weather which always reigns round the island of the orthodox. When they near the shore, a boat puts off, to ask them, “Have they seen him?” “Seen whom?” asks Pantagruel. “Him!” they repeat. “Who is he?” quoth Friar John, “Par la mort beuf! I will smash him,” thinking it had been some notorious criminal. “How!” cried they in the boat, “do you not know, gentlemen pilgrims, the Only One (*l'Unique*)? Nous parlons du Dieu en terre.” “Upon my word,” says Carpalin, “they mean the Pope.” “Oh, yes!” says Pantagruel, “I have seen three of them; much better am I for the sight. One at a time, understand.” “O folk thrice and four times happy!” they cry, “welcome and more than welcome.” “Then they knelt down before us, and wished to kiss our feet.”

Then they were entertained by Homenas, who sets forth the praise of the decretales, and how they gather gold for Rome.

Next they go to the Court of the great inventor Gaster, the first Master of Arts in the world. There, in the liveliest allegory, Rabelais shows how necessity and self-preservation are the parents of all arts and sciences, and how from the mere want of food springs every development of the ingenuity of man.

The purpose of the writer grows wider still in the last, imperfect book. They go to the isle of Bells (*l'isle Sonnante*), where the single Pope-hawk lives with clergy-hawks, monk-hawks, priest-hawks, abbot-hawks, bishop-hawks, and cardinal-hawks. These birds are all of strange birth. They are imported from the land of Lack-bread, and never go back. They sing at the ringing of bells; they lead joyous and happy lives, “but nothing to what we shall have,” says *Æditius*, “in the other world”; and they are all sacred, and not to be touched on pain of fearful punishments. Here, without the least disguise, the Church is described. Then to other islands, including that of Grippeminaud, the Inquisitor, and so on to the last, the oracle of the Bottle.

We see, then, in Rabelais, three stages; simple burlesque, allegory and satire grafted in burlesque, and satire almost unmixed. He has the same purpose throughout, but it grows. While at first he attacks monks only, he afterwards aims

at the follies of the whole Church, and even at the court and constitution of Rome, finishing the whole with the oracle which relieves Pantagruel's mind, and sums up the Pantagruelian Philosophy by the magic word, "Drink."

"Now," says the priestess, "you may depart, my friends, and may that intellectual sphere whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere, which we call God, keep you in His almighty protection. When you return to the world, do not fail to affirm that the greatest treasures are hidden underground; and not without reason."

The controversies of the time, the endless disputes of the schools, the differences of churches—what were they to men who could feed on Plato, and roam over the flowery fields of ancient philosophy? What was it to them whether the bigot of Geneva, or the bigot of Rome, conquered? what to them the issue of questions as idle as the bells of *l'isle Sonnante*, as meaningless as the frozen words on the deck of Pantagruel's ship? The spirit of priesthood—that had been the enemy of philosophy in old times, and was its enemy in the new times; the fanaticism and blind fear of ignorance were their natural foes; the long chain of custom, the fetter that bound men's souls to decaying forms, was what they would fain, but could not, remove. Life might be cheered by the intercourse of scholars; but life with the common herd, with the so-called religious, and the so-called learned, was intolerable, ludicrous, stupid. As for the doctrines of the Church, the great God reigns: He is like a sphere whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere. The ministers of the Church are its worst enemies; he who is wise will be tied by as few dogmas as may be, but he will possess his soul in patience; and after seventy years of study, thought, and labour, will accept the sacraments in the usual way, with one last parting insult for the priest who brings them.

This is, as appears to me, the Pantagruelian Philosophy, which was professed by no small number of scholars. It was no mere name, or peg, on which to hang a string of trifles. It was followed by those who felt, with Rabelais, that to promote learning was to promote progress; that to revolt against evils which spring mainly from ignorance is futile. Hence, they passed their lives in unprotesting acquiescence, content to feel that the things they knew would grow and spread more and more. There are few scholars now to

compare with those of the sixteenth century. What men could learn they learned. Not the whole circle of science only, but the whole circle of languages, in which literature worth the reading was to be found, was theirs. Rabelais was botanist, physician, and astronomer. He knew Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Italian; perhaps also, for the only limit to his power of acquisition was that imposed by the dial, he knew all those other languages in which Panurge addresses Pantagruel. But while their learning was great, their numbers were small. They lived their own lives; few of them shared in the ambitions and hopes of other men: they were men of the cloister, not of the outer world. As for this outer world, it was but a seething mass of brutality, ignorance and superstition. They knew, out of those Greek volumes which monks regarded with such just suspicion, how dark their own time was, compared with that which had been. They knew well enough that the ceremonies which men were taught to believe God-sent, were copies and relics of paganism; they saw the Dii minores in the saints, the cult of Venus in that of the Virgin, the Pontifex Maximus in the Pope.

Some of them, among whom was Clement Marot, one of the philosophers, though no scholar, laughed and made sport of all the turmoil about religion; some, notably the Cardinal du Bellay, gravely held their tongues; some, among them Bishop de Saint Gelais (not Octavien, or Mellin, the poets), went over to the Protestants; some, among whom was Etienne Dolet, talked, and got burnt for their pains; one or two, among whom was Bonaventure Des Periers, broke out into open infidelity; while others, More, Erasmus, and Rabelais the chief, attacked the abuses but remained in the Church, which was indeed their only camp of refuge. For them Calvin would have been a more intolerant master than the great Pope-hawk himself, and they were not the men to exchange one yoke, however galling, for another that would gall them worse in a different place. Is it too much to say, with the examples before us, that the leading intellect of the time remained with the ancient Church?

Some men there are who seem too great for creeds. If they remain in the Church wherein they were born, it is because in no other would they find relief from the fetters of doctrine, and because the main things which underlie Articles are common to all churches, in which the dogmas are the accidents of time and circumstance.

Not only does Rabelais never satirize

Christianity, but he speaks in all his works, and especially in the fourth book, with the greatest reverence for the Gospel of Christ. He saw, as I read him, the evils of the Church, but he hoped to help their cure, not directly, by schism, or by kicking against the huge fabric he could not overthrow; but indirectly, by spreading the cause of learning, by bringing monasticism into contempt, by widening the boundaries of thought, and leading the world through laughter rather than censure. He partly failed, because men cannot be led by laughter, and because he profaned the sacred precincts of the temple by buffooneries which other men practise outside.

But in how much did he succeed? His influence, enormous in his lifetime, went on increasing after his death. It culminated perhaps in the following generation, when scholars began to act, and the Satire Menippée, eldest born of his children, helped to change the destinies of France. And his work has remained, a possession forever, to the French nation.

Of his erudition, as shown in the book, I have given no examples; I have said, indeed, less than a tenth part of what might be written of him. It is not impossible that England will yet learn to appreciate more largely this glorious wit and satirist. There may be found some man who has the leisure, and to whom it would be a labour of love, to edit for modern readers the life and voyages of Pantagruel. The necessary omissions could be made without very great difficulty, and the parts to be left out are not inwoven with the web of the whole.

Considering him as a great moral teacher, we must remember what things he taught, and that *he was the first to teach them* in the vernacular. In that time, when only a few had learning, and the old mediæval darkness was still over the minds of men, consider what things he poured into men's ears. He showed them what a monastery might be, the home of culture, letters, good manners, and gentle life. He taught the value of learning by direct admonition, in the letter of Gargantua, of which I have extracted a piece, and by the example of Pantagruel; the value of good breeding,

with a small tincture of letters, in Gargantua; against the solid arts he contrasts the follies of alchemists, astronomers, and foolish inventors; he shows that Necessity, against which we pray so fondly, is in reality the parent and founder of all that men have achieved — great Gaster is the first Master of Arts. In brave stolid Friar John he shows a nature open and manly in all except where the monks have spoiled him. He exposes, from the height of his own learning, the shallow pedantry of the schools, and the folly of the people who forget God in their reverence for the Pope: he paints, in his wondrous panorama of life, the foolish judge, the greedy priest, the cruel inquisition, the lawyer with his false rhetoric, and the needy adventurer with his shifts, turns, and wiles; and against all these he sets his wise and tranquil King, whom no storms terrify, no clamours disquiet; the scholar; the warrior; and the loyal servant. I wish there had been one, only one good priest, so that we might extend over Rabelais that veil of perfect charity which might have covered his faults. But priests and monks he hated. The robe he wore was to him like a bodily deformity—it corrupted his mind, and narrowed his views. It would be easy to show his wit, his humour, his headlong fun, and that easy jovial spirit which probably rendered him all his life—save when he was crunching his crust *in pace* at Fontenay-le-Comte—the happiest of his kind. But let us, in judging Rabelais, remember him chiefly as a teacher the like of whom Europe had not yet seen.

Enough has been said. Perhaps it may be expected—it seems inevitable—that something should be said about his faults. I neither wish to weep over them nor to defend them. It is nonsense to say that they spring from the time. Erasmus belongs to the same time, which disposes of that defence, at least. And, indeed, we may be very sure that of all such literary offenders, from Catullus downwards, not one but has written with full consciousness of his offence. Rabelais perhaps more than any other, for he sinned in greater light.

We read in the *Echo* that the Electric Telegraph has been put to a new use in Canada. At Mimouski, when the late earthquake came upon them, they sent at once to Quebec, a distance of 200 miles, to ask, "How do you feel?"

While the operator there was at his work the shock arrived. He at once sent to Montreal, about 200 miles further on, to ask if they had felt it. They had just time to say "No" before the earthquake came up.

From *The Spectator*.

THE INDIFFERENCE OF ANIMALS TO SPECULATIVE TRUTH.

ONE of the rangers of Versailles and the forest of Marly, who lived in the middle of the last century, M. Charles Georges Leroy, wrote some very amusing letters on "The Perfectibility of Animals," under the pseudonym of "The Naturalist of Nuremberg," which have just been translated, and published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. He held, what we fancy almost any man, whether metaphysician or naturalist, who has studied the ways of animals at all closely, now holds, that the ascription to "instinct" in animals of what is ascribed to "reason" in man is entirely erroneous. Both animals and men have a variety of inherited tendencies and habits which guide them to what they want without the working of their own intelligence, and no doubt these are much more numerous in the lower animals than in ourselves. The reason is simply that by the extension of reason we have arrived at substitutes for these instincts so much more efficient, that the instincts themselves have fallen into comparative disuse, and so been lost. It is just like the loss of the sense of smell by domesticated wolf dogs. The wolf has the most wonderfully delicate sense of smell, from which it can learn and infer a hundred things in which domesticated dogs have no capacity to follow it. A half-breed between a dog and a wolf usually inherits this marvellous sense of smell, but if domesticated for a few generations will lose it utterly, simply from want of use and interbreeding with other dogs that have not got it. To the wolf his very existence depends on this keen sense of smell, hence it is kept in constant exercise; those who have it in the higher degrees live and prosper much more than those who have it in the lower degrees, and have a greater number of young which survive, and most of these probably inherit this sense, and many inherit it in an even enhanced degree, if both parents had it in a high degree. In this way the sense of smell becomes elaborated in the wolf. But once let any of the young cease to need the sense, and depend for their living upon man, and both the sense will lose its exercise, and there being no general cause at work to ensure the survival and multiplication of those of the species which have this fine sense, and the destruction of those which have it not, the inherited faculty will be lost in a few generations. Well, so precisely it is, with regard to the animal instincts of man; so

many of them are superseded by rational faculties, that no general cause is at work to give the advantage to human beings possessing these inherited instincts over those who have them not. On the contrary, the animal man, in spite of more wonderful instincts, is at a disadvantage in any stage of society as compared with the reasoning man, and so the less necessary of his instincts fall more and more into desuetude, and are superseded by the intellectual powers proper.

Why does not the same process apply to animals? We all admit now that animal's reason, and reason very acutely on particular phenomena of great importance to their own safety and life. Cowper's dog, Beau, who saw his master trying and failing to secure a water-lily, on the Ouse, and who half-an-hour afterwards, as they repassed the place, dashed into the river and bit off the water-lily, and swimming back to shore laid it at his master's feet, clearly reasoned as to the object Cowper had had in view by his fruitless efforts with the stick, inferred that Cowper would be pleased if he obtained it for him, and carried this reasoning process in his memory for at least half-an-hour. Here analysis, reflection, inference, and the memory of the result of all these processes must clearly be ascribed to a particular dog, and the "Naturalist of Nuremberg" shows, we think, that much inferior animals possess the same powers, and that under great stress of motive they will use them to solve far more complex problems. He shows how much more knowing an often-hunted stag or fox is than a young one that has never been hunted, how a fox beset on all the exits to its hole by traps will wear away its paws in digging a new way out rather than go into the trap, but how if a rabbit gets caught in one of the traps set for it, the fox will infer that the trap has done its work, that its powers are exhausted in catching the rabbit, and will therefore walk quite calmly over the trap. He shows that an old hare or stag will, when it has distanced its pursuers, return a good way on its own steps and then give a great spring aside so as to get out of the path without leaving a scent, knowing that the dog will follow the scent up to the furthest point it has reached and then seek for new traces of its path; which, as he justly says, involves such a reasoning process as the following:—"A dog led by a man has frequently put me to flight, and has followed me a long time by scent; therefore my scent must be known to him. What has already happened several times may hap-

pen again to-day; therefore I must guard to-day against what has formerly befallen me. Though I am ignorant how they know my path and track it, yet I suppose that by means of a false scent I may be able to throw them out; for this purpose I must go and return upon my steps to deceive them as to the way I take." He shows that an old hare pursued by greyhounds which are swift enough to keep her in view and to hunt by eye, not smell, will take her course as much as possible through thickets to baffle their eyes; but the same hare, if pursued by harriers, which hunt by smell, will keep to the open, because the smell lies much thicker in a wood, where she touches not only the ground, but the sides of the trees. Such a hare must draw her inferences clearly as to the clue by which the dogs pursue her, and alter her measures for safety accordingly. He shows that an old crow is even capable of *counting* higher than many savage tribes appear to count. The crows are killed in many preserving countries because they are so voracious of the eggs of the game-birds. "To lull suspicion, a carefully covered watch-house is made at the foot of the tree in which there is a nest, and a man conceals himself in it to watch the return of the parent bird; but he waits in vain, if she has ever before been shot at in the same manner. She knows that you will issue from the cover into which she saw a man enter. To deceive this suspicious bird, the plan was hit upon of sending two men to the watch-house, one of whom passed on, while the other remained. But the crow counted, and kept her distance. The next day three went, but again she perceived that only two retired. In fine, it was found necessary to send five or six men to the watch-house to put her out in her calculation. The crow, thinking this number of men had but passed by, lost no time in returning. This phenomenon, always repeated when the attempt is made, is to be recorded among the very commonest instances of the sagacity of animals."

Now here clearly was a crow quite up to a quinary system of arithmetic, though not to our decimal system. What we want to know is, why animals which show such delicate and acute reasoning powers as the dog, the stag, the hare, and the crow, under the stress of certain rather strong motives, do not develop their reasoning powers without this stimulus,—why they care only for what the Dean of St. Paul's calls "regulative truths," that is, practical truths necessary for their

safety and animal salvation, and do not get on into the study of speculative truths, the investigation of truth for its own sake, the knowledge of causes which do not immediately and urgently bear on their own dangers and wants. The Naturalist of Nuremberg thinks it is owing to the lower animals having such a struggle for existence that they have no time for any truths which do not bear immediately on their safety,—to their entire deficiency in "leisure and ennui." But however much this may apply to animals in a wild state, it clearly does not apply to domestic animals. Dogs, especially favourite dogs, have plenty of "leisure and ennui," and suffer as much from ennui, when their masters and mistresses don't go their proper walks and rides, as any West-End dandy. Clearly it is not "leisure and ennui" which are wanting,—to domesticated animals, at least,—as conditions of the desire for speculative truth. Indeed, the "Naturalist of Nuremberg" has made a little slip there. We never heard even of a human discoverer or investigator of truth who had been qualified for his investigations by leisure and ennui. The people who have leisure, never do anything, and the people who are *ennuyés* with the world as it is, never add to its resources. If animal intellect in the least resembles our own, it is not leisure and ennui which will fit it for the speculative stage.

The want of speculative tendency in animal intellect is, moreover, certainly not due to an absolute want of the power of abstraction. As the "Naturalist of Nuremberg" shows, there is plenty of abstraction necessarily implied in the intellectual feats we have mentioned. The fox which walks over the trap after the rabbit has been caught in it, evidently had the clearest idea of an invisible power in the trap which had been used up, but of which he could only have had an abstract idea. Cowper's dog had a clear idea of as abstract a thing as Cowper's wish, and deliberately adopted means to gratify that wish. The counting crow had a clear enough idea of "number," of "man," and of "gun," for she waited to return to her nest as long as she supposed anything in the shape of a man to be under the hut, counting till she fancied all were gone, and would not have been alarmed by any other animal than man,—any animal incapable of firing a gun. Animals abstract as well as we do, though not so much, and they have in the individual instances a very clear conception that similar signs precede similar consequences. The Naturalist of Nu-

remberg says, indeed, that wild rabbits are the best of weather prophets, and that if you see them eating greedily in the afternoon and too intent upon their eating to be easily startled, you may be sure of a wet night,—that the rabbit is laying in stock so as to prevent the necessity of going out to feed at night as he usually does, but as he does not like to do in the rain. Here, then, is a case of an animal who interprets the meteorological signs far more shrewdly than man, and acts on its interpretation.

We suspect that the real missing-point in animal intelligence is simply the want of *desire* to know anything which does not bear on its own immediate individual pleasures, and wants, and fears. Necessity is evidently as much the mother of invention among the lower animals as amongst ourselves. The crow could count up to five when a good deal depended on it. But why, when she was sitting comfortably on her eggs, should she count either up to 5 or up to 2? There was nothing to stir up her arithmetical capacities. The stag and hare could discern that if they retraced their steps they would give the dogs a difficult problem to solve; but why should they, when free from danger, reason on the causes why dogs with their noses on the ground could always tell where they had passed? The faculty of learning by experience, of finding out the meaning of signs and causes which are of very urgent importance to the individual,—the faculty which even men call discovery by a sort of "smell,"—is com-

mon to us with the lower animals. The sharpening of intellect by need is an old story. But the wish to know *for the sake of knowing*, is peculiar to man, and peculiar probably to the higher races of man. If any trace of it could be found in an animal, that animal would really be on the road of intellectual progress. Where does it begin? How could it first be introduced into the animal world? We suspect through the affections. Cowper's dog Beau did not go through a process half as complex, we fancy, as the crow which counted its enemies; but the disinterested character of his friendship for his master, which was not an animal instinct like the crow's care for its young, led him to something very much nearer the *voluntary* attack of an intellectual problem. Urgent instincts make all animals more or less intelligent. The special affections of one creature for one of superior order awaken something much nearer akin to voluntary deliberation. Beau did not fear punishment or hope for a reward for solving his problem. He must have felt himself raised for a moment into a more intellectual being, trying to understand and enter into his master. In a word, the dog was in a semi-religious state of mind. And so it is in the *religion* of human races, that the real pursuit of speculative truth has always begun. The first theories of the universe were religious problems,—attempts to enter into sympathy with God, just as Beau tried to enter into sympathy with his earthly master.

By news from Malta we learn that the Porcupine had arrived there from Tunis, with Dr. Carpenter, his son, and the Swedish naturalist who had been permitted to join the party. As in last year's voyage, the main objects for which it was undertaken have been carefully carried out, by soundings, dredgings, and analyses of sea-water from different depths, down to 1,500 fathoms. A large part of the Mediterranean basin has been explored with satisfactory results as regards natural history, and pains were taken to make out and define so far as possible the phenomena of the current which on the surface sets through the Strait of Gibraltar to the eastward. We should like to ask whether any attempt was made to ascertain the existence of a current which has long been said to flow out of the Strait in the opposite direction. We hear that Dr. Carpenter is to arrive in England next week.

Athenaeum.

SUPPOSE, just as a wild supposition, as the upshot of all this horrible imbroglio, this devil's dance of civilization over its own resources, that Alsace and the Vosges mountains went to Germany, that the demand for money were limited to a repayment of the German loans — £30,000,000 — and that France, preferring liberty to a Republic, elected Leopold of Belgium her King, with Belgium as his dower, how would the world stand then? German feeling about her frontier would be satisfied; France would be intact; Belgium would come in at the top instead of the bottom, as Scotland came into Great Britain; and we should be out of that dangerous guarantee. No right would be violated except that of the people of Alsace, who might secure their civil autonomy under, say, Duke Ernst. It is a dream, of course, but history is not ended yet.

Spectator.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WAITING AT THE EXHIBITION.

THE winter was nearly over, it was towards the end of February; Lionel Wilmot had accepted a fresh appointment abroad; and May coming in to breakfast one morning found two letters waiting for her on the table, and was soon laughing over Milly's first report of her own exploits at their new station. "We'd our first dinner-party yesterday, grand, and I was a little too late dressing, which Lionel can't bear, and at the supreme moment I got confused and forgot, and made such blunders! Sent down a terrible Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel something-or-other wrong (such an ugly cross old thing!) and then we all came into a muddle, and hardly anybody sat by the other right bodies, and the Lieut.-Colonel alongside me was savage, because they care a great deal about precedence and that like here; and Lionel looked vexed, and we were all so stupid and tiresome. But after dinner I made my apologies very prettily" ("I am sure you did," commented May to herself), "and the old hag was so cross, and gave me an acid smile, and said she must send me the army and navy lists, and I told her I'd been so frightened, and mollified her, and then I asked Lionel to have in two of the band, and the young ones' feet began to wag and the old ones' tongues too, and we got on quite nicely. And I didn't dance at all, in order to be 'good,' you know, and do the hostess, but Lionel says I shall soon; and I'd bought myself a new black velvet gown to look venerable and grand, and Lionel laughed at me after all was over, and said I looked younger than ever" ("and prettier,") inserted May between the lines) "in it." "*That'll* go on all right now, I hope and believe," mused she to herself with something between a smile and a sigh. The other letter was from Tom, saying that he intended to come up for a few days with his wife to London, for some public meetings and some private shopping.

It would be a great pleasure to May "to see his dear old face again," as she said to herself more cheerfully than usual, and she was full of interest in finding a lodg-ing for them, and in welcoming and making much of the two when they arrived. It rejoiced her very heart to hear the cheery voice which reminded her so strongly of old Fernyhurst days. Sophia was profoundly engrossed in her own small concerns, and expected May to be perpetually at her beck and call during her brief visit;

and May, glad to find herself wanted, submitted with a good grace to be made use of in everything and everywhere. It is one of the penalties, however, of life for a single woman, as it is now understood, that she is never supposed to have any definite work of her own, but may be considered as always ready to do everything for other people which they don't care or are not able to do for themselves.

"I want you to meet me this afternoon at the British Institution pictures, May, after I come back from the clerical meeting," said Tom one morning in Curzon Street. "Sophia declares she must be painted, and there are some portraits there by a man she's heard of who is not too expensive."

"My mother has seen a sweet head of Mrs. Graves, at the dear old Dean's, whose style she thought would suit me admirably," observed Sophia with great earnestness.

"I wish you'd come too, Cecilia, and help us to decide," declared Tom.

Cecilia shrugged her shoulders a little at being thus made use of. At the time fixed, however, she dropped May at the door of the Institution in Pall Mall, that most charming home for ancient pictures, — now, alas! gone forever,—on whose walls most of the finest treasures in English country houses have in turn been seen; so quiet, yet in the way for every one, beautifully lighted, large enough to show the pictures to advantage, yet not admitting more than could be thoroughly enjoyed at once. Its destruction has been a real loss to art.

"They mayn't have arrived perhaps, but you won't mind waiting," said her sister. "I shall go on to Hardinge's and pick you up as I come back."

The two real species into which the world is divided are those who wait and those who are waited for. There is no outward and visible sign by which they may be recognized, but the distinction is no less real. You see a father, patiently or impatiently, waiting for his wife and one after another of his daughters, or you see the whole family waiting for its chief; but in each case it is admitted as a perfect right, the waiter is restless or patient, but neither he nor she ever resists their fate, and it never occurs to the waited-for to question the legitimacy of their power of keeping four or five people in attendance. So much so, indeed, that if by any rare accident they are themselves beforehand, it is with a bland and dignified sense of injury that they say, "My dear, I have

been waiting several minutes," as an unheard-of phenomenon, with an utter unconsciousness that they have been inflicting hours of the same purgatory for years.

Cecilia had always been waited for, May was of the waiters, and accordingly she took up her station quite resignedly on a hard bench, for the winter exhibition was a modern one and generally not the best, while she had not much heart to begin and hunt out its very scattered beauties alone.

She sat on within sight of the staircase which opened into the middle of the second room, watching vaguely for the others to arrive, when suddenly she saw Walter's head appear coming slowly up the steps. She was not thinking about him, the sight was quite unexpected, and she had given her face no orders to behave on the occasion. In the suddenness of the attack it expressed just what she was feeling, which was a good deal, and, according to its wont, very vividly. Her whole face lighted up with welcome, and she held out her hand. It was an expression which he had never seen there before as existing for him, and which he had longed for as a thirsty man in the desert for water. He came up to her, hardly knowing what he was doing, and stood by her holding her hand in his own without speaking, almost dizzy with strong feeling. She was the first to recover herself, and as she turned away with a deep blush she said as a sort of excuse, "I was expecting Tom."

"You don't mean that you took me for him?" he answered almost reproachfully, bending over her as he spoke.

She did not answer; she could not honestly say that she did.

"Have you seen the Stanfield?" he added a moment after; "they say there is one here."

"No, I was waiting for Tom and Louisa."

"So am I, he appointed me here, but they won't have far to look, they'll find us fast enough," he said with a smile; "come."

Nothing is so perfect for a *tête-à-tête* as a picture gallery. Your backs are legitimately turned upon the world in general. Your heads are bound by the hypothesis to be engaged in the contemplation of what is before you; there are occupation and interest for any length of time, and nobody can find anything to find fault with.

So they went round the rooms together. If the pictures were good, there was much to be said; if they were bad, there was more; and the old racy, uncouth talk, full of half-suppressed thought and feeling,

which had always had such a charm for her even when the man had not, began again. She forgot herself in the different subjects, her whole soul glowed again as of old in the strong interest which possessed her. If it flagged for a moment and he felt that she was drawing back again into her shell, he had power enough to start afresh, until at last as they touched on some of their old war topics, he said with a smile—"Ah, you are shaking a red rag before the bull, but you shan't make me quarrel to-day, even for the sake of America;" when Tom's voice was heard in the distance, and she turned quickly to meet him with the half-ended words still ringing in her ears.

"I'm afraid we're very late. I'm so sorry," said Tom, hurrying up. "Sophia was such a time at the china-shop; I hope we have not kept you too long?"

"Oh no, not in the very least," answered Walter, most truthfully in earnest.

"Have you found number fifty-seven," said Sophia solemnly; "and how do you like it?"

May had entirely forgotten the luckless portrait, and was only too glad of the excuse of assisting now to hunt it out in order to avoid any further questions concerning the employment of their time.

In a few moments appeared Cecilia. She knew nothing of art, and two, at least, of the others understood a good deal about it; but she could tell what the world said, which was a great deal more important, and with her few apt, short remarks, very much to the point, she settled the whole business of the portrait at once. It requires a great deal of talent, tact, and character to be a fine lady; whether the play is worth the candle is, of course, a point which people decide differently.

"I am going with Scrope, and you will take Sophia with you," said Tom, as he helped to put the three ladies into Cecilia's carriage, rejoicing to have disposed so satisfactorily of his wife.

And it was not till the door was shut, and the two had walked away together, that May remembered how in her confusion she had not wished Walter good-bye, or even shaken hands with him, and that nothing had been said about meeting again.

But there were more important questions on hand.

"Where shall I take you to?" said Cecilia, turning to her sister-in-law.

"Oh anywhere," replied Sophia, settling herself down with great glee for a course of visits and shops.

Now Cecilia did not at all approve, as May well knew, of going about with her elegant little Clarence "stuffed up" with three women. Moreover, she did not much relish dragging about our "country cousin" to her cream of the cream haunts; while Sophia, serene in the consciousness of the very last new bonnet, and considering herself the model both of fashion and of virtue, was ready for anything, from a visit to the Queen down to Madame Tussaud.

Cecilia looked a little disgusted in a polite way, and May, feeling that she could relieve one part of the dilemma at least, proposed —

"Put me out, dear, at the bottom of the Queen's Walk; I want a little fresh air, and I will go straight across the Park home."

"What will Egerton say to your walking alone?" repeated Cecilia, with the sort of borrowed conscience from her husband which she sometimes showed — but the thing was done.

May rejoiced, as she breasted the sharp north-easter, at the solitude and the liberty to think over the past half-hour. She did not know that anything more would come of her meeting with Walter, as she repeated to herself, but at all events they were friends again, and she felt as if, after having been a year on short commons of dainty pastry, she had suddenly had a meal of bread and meat.

By night, however, all her self-tormenting had returned again; she ought not, perhaps, to encourage him, he could manifestly do so much better for himself than to think of her, even if he were so inclined, and the remembrance of the Colonel's code of the duties required from him by his "family and his position" came back upon her mind forcibly. Besides, after all, there was probably nothing in his manner to her but compassion and friendliness.

"I was very near asking Scrope to dine here with us," said Tom to Cecilia, as he and his wife came in that evening to Curzon Street; "but I couldn't do it without your leave. I should be particularly glad, if you don't mind; I hardly ever see him now."

"You may ask him for to-morrow," replied his sister graciously, but without the smallest thought of May.

She saw how unsuspicious they all were of there being any feeling for her on his side, and it gave her a qualm as to its reality, which she could not get over the whole of the next busy day, as she worked hard

to fulfil Sophia's unconscionable and contradictory requirements.

Accordingly in the evening, when Walter arrived at the house, the cold chill was upon her, and she scarcely spoke to him; she had had time to think, and she drew back while he was occupied with his civilities to the others, and sat listening in absorbed silence to a comfortable dowager's description of the alterations in her back bed-room in the country. Even the most interesting details, however, concerning "there was such difficulty about the chimney, my dear, you see, until I contrived to get three feet six out of the staircase. . . ." failed in fixing her attention, though she resolutely avoided turning her head. At all events, if anything was to come of it, it should be without her stirring even a finger. She had not had a word with Walter when they all went down to dinner, where he sat by Cecilia in the place of honour, and a scrap or two of the talk between these two most incongruous associates occasionally reached her.

"Yes, I do like the man; and that he's made his own position is much more to his credit than if he'd merely inherited it," he said rather doggedly, in answer to some remark of his hostess.

"Ah, we know what a rank Radical you were, Mr. Scrope," replied Cecilia, smiling; "but I hoped that you'd improved a little by this time."

"The way I've been distressed by the noise in the mews behind my new house, and then the cats and the sparrows up to three o'clock in the morning, I'm sure! there's no telling. Why doesn't government interfere?" meandered the dowager in a gentle stream of twaddle on the other side.

"I'm afraid that this government is not likely to do anything half so useful as suppressing the sparrows," said the Colonel good-naturedly.

"Such a strange appointment! They say that he has hardly sixpence to live on, and an empty sack has difficulty in standing upright sometimes, the world says, you know," went on Cecilia.

"I hope you don't think your spoons in danger now," replied Walter, laughing, "for I assure you that I'm quite as poor as he is."

He seemed in rather a defiant mood; had she anything to do with his state of mind? May thought as she sat on through the long hour depressed and silent, struggling to seem interested in her neighbour's talk, and never looking towards the other end of the table lest Walter might think

that she was appealing to his remembrance. She went up-stairs again, feeling saddened to the heart. Was it her own fault or his? Had she been so cold and repellent that he really could not be expected to come near her? or was it that he did not desire it? She stood listening to Sophia's platitudes and enthusiasms without hearing or seeing anything, but answering yes and no at the proper intervals, which entirely satisfied that lady, who enjoyed the sound of her own voice beyond any other music.

"I declare Mr. Scrope is as great a bear as ever. I thought he might have become a little more civilized. But it's no wonder, they say he hardly ever goes into society," said Cecilia complainingly, as the ladies drew round the fire in the drawing-room.

"We used to know poor Lord Ardmore's grandmother very well," sighed the old lady, "and it was such a pity —"

May looked up quickly.

"So sad his being killed in that way! Nobody ever saw or heard of the present man; he lived quite out of the world, they say, down in the north, and with no end of children. Such a loss as his nephew is! He dined with me only last year; he always looked so cross, poor fellow, and he's quite run out the estate, I hear."

Presently the gentlemen appeared, and Tom came and sat down affectionately by his sister. Immediately after Walter very deliberately drew up a chair exactly in front of her, placed himself upon it so that she could not stir, and began to talk to Tom across her. A strange shy feeling came over her; she rose, but there was a look in his eyes, half reproach, half entreaty, which she could not withstand, and she sank down quietly once more and listened to the talk of the two old friends as if she were in a dream.

"It seems like-pleasant, dead old days at Fernyhurst," said Tom, with a sort of sigh as they found themselves falling back upon all their past discussions. "You must come down there, soon, Scrope, and enlarge your mind on turnips. Hastings has gone in for high farming (or at least Donaldson for him), and you should see him looking wise over the last new reaping-machine, and not quite sure which is the stem and which is the stern, as Charlie would say."

"Then he'll learn. You don't mean that a man's to be run into a mould like a pig of cold iron at *any* time in his life, stereotyped for evermore everlastinglly."

"It must be very fatiguing though to be always growing out boughs all round every year as you do," replied Tom, laughing.

"Like the trees at Fernyhurst," said May with a smile; "how do they all do?" "What, the trees? When are you coming to see them? They want you back sadly, and the old women go on to no end about 'Miss May,' and when they are to see her again."

"The people's memory is long and deep," said Walter musing, "slow to grow and strong to retain. They haven't so many things to dissipate their thoughts and affections probably."

"Do you think living all the year round down among the oxen increases the brilliancy of one's thoughts and affections?" asked Tom with a wry face. "I'm afraid I don't find it so."

"It gives you a chance of some original ones, at any rate. You don't get your politics out of your daily paper, and your literature from your weekly one, at all events."

"No, we make up for it by having neither literature nor politics at all," answered Tom, laughing.

"Mr. Drayton managed to keep both going," put in May with a smile.

"But the new generation are more stirring and want more variety of interests and work."

"They're only more restless," said Walter, smiling, "that's all."

"Listen to him! He'll turn out an old Tory after everything's said, I believe."

"I'm not so sure that 'getting on' is the *summum bonum* of life, nationally or individually."

"At all events it's what has set the Anglo-Saxon race where it is," answered Tom.

"To make the best of your position and of yourself in it, no doubt that's all right; but I don't see how always to want to get out of it can be a wise ideal."

"It's the essence of modern civilization, anyhow."

"Modern civilization, as you call it, is nothing but a question of outsides; it's a sort of varnish not even skin deep."

"Like the bloom on a plum, very pretty and pleasant though," said May with a smile; but though she occasionally threw in a word or two, she was very silent.

"We are going to the Crystal Palace to-morrow, Scrope" (it was still in the first bloom of its novelty), said Tom towards the end of the evening. "Do come. Saturday's a half holiday for all the prentice lads. I'm sure you can get away if you choose. Do come with us," he insisted affectionately, "I've so few days here, you know."

"I'll try," answered Walter; and he added in a low voice after a short pause, "Your sister seems as if she wanted fresh air sadly, she looks quite ill. I'm afraid London does not suit her." But he did not turn towards the pale sad face which was so unlike the picture of her in his mind of old Fernyhurst days. "I will follow you, if I can get away, and meet you at three near the music."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A TETE-A-TETE IN A CROWD.

SOPHIA was somewhat jealous of Tom's affection for his sister, and it was rather an uncomfortable trio for their expedition next day. She generally interfered when her husband launched off into the innumerable old jokes and allusions which a man must have with the sister of so many years, and not with the wife of little more than one. She always refused to understand the explanations which she every time elaborately insisted on having given to her; she grew very cross and made herself generally and particularly disagreeable the whole time. At last May was thankful to draw back when they reached the band, and sit silent and solitary behind the other two. She felt very lonely, even Tom's wished-for visit was lost to her for any pleasure that it seemed likely to give.

She woke up out of a rather dreary reverie at the end of a noisy finale, and saw Walter standing, with his eyes fixed upon her, at a little distance.

"Oh, there you are, dear old fellow," cried Tom, rising eagerly. "How glad I am! I was just beginning to give you up," and he put his arm in his old schoolboy fashion. "Did you ever see such a figure as he makes of himself! Only look at his coat!" said he, turning to his sister; "he's become a co-operative tailor, or grocer, or something. It's a philanthropic coat. I'm sure it ought to be very virtuous to make up for being so intolerably hideous."

"I'm afraid," observed Sophia, with her very wisest look and manner, "that there is considerable danger now of encouraging socialism among the working-classes. The Dean says that to interfere in this way with — when Walter, without attending to her, stooped his long body past her, where it had no business whatever to be, in order to be quite sure of the cordial smile towards his obnoxious coat on May's face under her averted bonnet.

"And now let us go wherever you like, Scrope," said Tom. "Didn't you say you

wished to look at the Michel-Angelo Court again?"

"I wanted to have seen the acrobats," complained Sophia; "Miss Graves said that she saw them in the Crystal Palace when she was here once."

"But it's impossible, Sophia; they're not here to-day," remonstrated her husband.

"She told me it was something quite too remarkable," persisted she plaintively, "and I never saw acrobats."

"I've the greatest respect for Tom's abilities for instruction; but even he can't improvise acrobats, I'm afraid,

"For what's impossible can't be,
And very seldom comes to pass,'"

said Walter solemnly, with an unsuccessful attempt at consolation.

They moved on; Sophia, of course, took her husband's arm, and May and Walter followed silently after. But the Michel Angelos were a long way off, and the path to them was a thorny one, and beset with pit-falls and snares, for Sophie could not be got past the stalls of shops by any persuasion which her husband liked to administer.

"Oh, Tom, you *must* ask the price of that work-box." And presently, as with much trouble they got on a little farther, "Oh! look at that sweet little butter-dish like a melon! I must know how much it costs," she went on, laying hold of her husband's arm as if with a vice. And she was so exceedingly determined, that in spite of his distaste, Tom was forced to do her bidding.

May leant wearily against the counter of the glass-shop, and Walter stood in silence beside her.

"You'd better take my arm," he said at last in a business-like tone, shortly and gravely; "you'll be tired." But as soon as it was fairly within his grasp, he turned to Tom — "If we were anyhow to lose each other, it is better to appoint a meeting-place. Suppose we say the chocolate stall at the end of the building in an hour. Mrs. Dimsdale will like to rest herself there, as she says she can't walk much more," he said, with a forced smile at Sophia.

Some sight-seers pressed before them as he spoke; he had to retreat before a fat lady who squeezed in by the corner of the stall, with a "By your leave, sir," and in another moment May found herself drawn along at a rapid pace right up the nave, under the influence of a strong will, which she had neither the power nor the wish to

resist. They neither of them spoke as they hurried along. At last he brought her out where the wave of sight-seers had ebbed and left the open balconies looking out towards the garden, solitary in the waning February day. He set her in the corner deliberately, whence there was no retreat, and placed himself resolutely beside her — it was now or never. She leant over the balustrade. "How beautiful the distances are, even in such a grey day as this!" she said, trembling as she spoke.

"May," he began, without taking any notice of her words, "why did you make me welcome so that my heart burned within me on one day, and the next receive me as if you never wished to see me again, and now keep me at arm's length in this manner? If you knew what pain you put me to, dear, I am sure you would not inflict it. My darling," he went on, "no one feels more than I do how little worthy I am of you, but it seems to me almost as if my love were something different from me, it is so deep, and true, and tender, and has lasted so many years, that if I could but show it to you, May (which I can't, just because it is so deep), that you would try and see whether you couldn't take it. Try May; let me see you again as we used to do. We used to be friendly together at least; be friendly with me again. I don't care how long I wait," he said, with an unconscious sigh, that told how much he did care. "Nothing will ever make me stop loving you, unless you married some one else; not even death," said he earnestly. "Try it, May." He had taken hold of the hand lying on the balustrade beside him, and his pressure was almost painful. "Come to cheer me, and help me, and care for me through life, until death do not us part!"

"You don't know me!" cried she passionately; "I'm grown so stupid, and sad, and dull, that I can't cheer or help anyone. You ought to have much better help than me. There never was a great deal in me, and now I believe that I've lost the little I ever had. Alicia says that I'm grown so silly that I hardly understand when I'm spoken to, and it's very nearly true," she ended with a tearful smile.

"Have you any other such admirable and convincing reasons?" said he, laughing in the midst of his earnest pleading. "My darling, is it your spirits or your joy that I want, do you think? I want *you*, the *you* that is behind and above them all."

"Ah, but the *me* is changed, I believe. You ought to know me first," and she tried earnestly to draw away her hand. "The old days threw a false light upon me. You ought to wait and know me now."

"Know you! you child," he said, getting hold of her other hand; "why, what have I done these seven long years but know you, only too much by heart, from every tone in your voice, to the tying of your shoe-string?"

"But I'm so little worth — not good enough to be anybody's comfort."

"Won't you let me be the judge of that? May, don't you see you haven't said the only word which will ever make me leave your side now?" and he put his arm round her. "Look up in my face and say, if you have the heart, that you don't care for me who love you so well, and then I will go."

Instead of which she hid her face on his shoulder and whispered —

"I do — I do!"

For a moment she was so confused in his passionate grasp that she let him kiss her again and again. But at last she tried to draw herself laughing away. "We shall have the people paying sixpence for a sight of us if we don't mind."

"And a very improving and interesting sight, too," answered he, with much gravity; "I shall be most happy to give it them again whenever they wish it, even without the sixpence."

"And then," she said, almost to herself, with a blush, "I can't bear now when you have much to give and I have nothing. . . . It seems"

He looked at her puzzled for a moment, and then said gravely, "I'm ashamed of you, May. Do you think if good things had happened to you that I should have suspected them of dividing me from you?"

And she was ashamed, and hid her face again, and the same process was about to be repeated when she remonstrated in earnest.

"You've never called me Walter yet. Say, 'Walter, please not to do it, because I love you very much!'"

"Please, Walter, not to do it."

"But the reason? Why? You can't expect me to stop without a reason."

"What, upon compulsion! No, not if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries."

And it was only on the testimony of Falstaff that he began to realize the truth of his victory.

They lingered on in the failing light till the great clock began to strike. "Oh! Walter, listen—it is so late," she cried, trying to hurry him off to the meeting-place.

"Stop a little while still, dear," he said, as they slowly left their quiet retreat. "Look at me; speak to me again and make me sure that it's all real. It seems as if it were a dream—as if it could hardly be true. I have longed and thought of this so long and so uselessly, that it seems to me unreal even yet, as if I hardly could be told often enough that it is really and truly May that belongs to me—my very own May."

She clasped her hands upon his arm. "Dear, you won't want much telling from this time, you'll see it only too plain in my heart and in my face;" and she looked up shyly at him, with eyes full of happy tears, and a smile on her lips; and then they passed slowly and lingeringly back again together into the outer world.

They came presently in sight of Tom, who was looking out eagerly for them, and watching anxiously for the expression on their faces.

"I think he, at least, will be pleased," said Walter.

She smiled. "He'll be more glad than any one; he's been your fast friend, Walter, all through, and never forgave me three years ago. But I wish we could help telling any one else just now, and get quietly back to London to-night."

Sophia was so deep in her chocolate, and so full of the things she had seen, and the fatigue she felt, and her explanations, and her grief at having lost Mr. Scrope, that she had no leisure to notice any one else's feelings, or to inquire even what the others had been about.

"It's all right," said Walter laconically, but with a smile which told a great deal, in answer to Tom's inquiring looks; and in another moment May felt her brother stooping affectionately over the back of her chair.

"I don't think I ever was so glad of anything in all my life," whispered he under cover of his wife's reproaches to Walter for not getting something for May to eat.

"I'm shocked to see you so inattentive to ladies, Mr. Scrope," said she, with what was meant for playful humour. "I'm afraid from what I've heard that it's rather your way."

"You'd better make haste and finish, Sophia; it's quite time for us to be off," put in her husband a little impatiently.

Then as they made their way along

towards the station Sophia went on, "I never saw anybody grown so stupid as your friend, Tom; he hardly speaks or looks at one. What's the matter with him, I wonder? But I never did like him at all. I'm quite sorry that May should have had such a tiresome man all the afternoon."

"I don't think May will much mind it. You know she's known him a long time, in old days at Fernyhurst," replied Tom with great gravity.

"That's no reason why he should make himself so disagreeable," persisted she, looking back at the two others who were following them down the long flights of dingy steps, and into the lighted carriages of the train, with that strange feeling, as if a partition had been suddenly let down between themselves and the rest of the world, and as if they were alone together in the midst of a crowd.

"Come back with us, do, Scrope," said Tom, when they reached London, as he put his ladies into a cab, and his arm into his friend's, the feeling of their old friendship strong within him as they took their way together through the crowded streets. Life had drifted them far apart, and to Tom, at least, the joy of thus being once more linked to the hero of his boyish days was very great; and though, "silent as we grow when feeling most," after the fashion of the British, Walter's sympathies were not expressed in many words, yet he somehow managed to make them pretty well understood before they reached the lodging.

"It's a very fine night; if you choose to walk home, May, I will take you to Curzon Street," said Tom to his sister a few minutes after they came in, when Walter silently rose to go away.

"Oh you're going, Mr. Scrope, good-night," yawned Sophia from her sofa, a little ungraciously. "You'll mind, May, and come back to-morrow as soon as you can; I shall want you early very much."

"Unless she's otherwise engaged, you mean," said Tom, with as much seriousness as he could muster.

"Oh but she's never engaged, I know; and I must have her to go with me to the artist's about the picture," called out Sophia as the three went down-stairs together.

"You ought to be very much obliged to me, May, for my generosity and good-feeling, and all the cardinal virtues, for I know that I shan't get a word of good out of him now you're come with us, or with you either, for that matter," said her brother,

with a smile, as she took his arm when they reached the street, and Walter came round to her other side.

London was a very beautiful town to them that sharp February night, genial and bright, full of a warm light shining on ugly walls and dirty pavements, and transfiguring its commonplace streets and leafless squares as they went along, with the joy of their own hearts.

"I'm sure I'm glad I'm not in love," said Tom, with a rueful countenance however, when he found himself taken round nearly three sides of Berkeley Square. "It's very expensive in shoe-leather."

"We're going quite the best way. You've forgotten your London, Tom," replied his friend with the utmost gravity.

"I hope you'll think it so a year hence, my dear fellow."

"I'm not afraid," muttered Walter, taking his place, when Tom dropped good-naturedly a little "astern" at the next crossing; with, "There's not room enough for three—not even for the parson."

CHAPTER XXIX.

SPRING TIME IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

THE next morning, at an unconscionably early hour before breakfast, Walter was knocking at Colonel Seymour's door long before anybody was ready for his company, and he was obliged to put up with May, and in the undusted drawing-room, to the horror of the ejected housemaids. "Though it is not you a bit whom I came to see," he explained, laughing; "I'm here only for business, lawful guardians, and the rest of it."

"You see, after all, you've more than I have in the world, at all events for the present," said he a few minutes after, when they came to the discussion together of ways and means. "It's very shocking to think how I'm only marrying you for your money, May," he went on, with one of his old solemn contortions of face.

May's happy laugh was pleasant to hear. "What, you haven't forgiven me yet? Revenge is low-minded and mean, remember."

"I shall have three weeks' holiday at Easter, or I can make them," said he at last to May, who "did not see any hurry." "You don't mean that you were thinking of putting me off till the summer? Yes, I am in a great hurry—a hurry to be happy. Do you think when a man has been waiting seven years serving for Rachel (and he didn't find it a short time at all, I can tell you), it is not time to be

in a hurry? Suppose we say next week? Gowns! You don't mean to say that you're going to keep me waiting for gowns? Why shouldn't you be married in that one you've got on? I'm sure it's a very pretty one."

But in spite of this desperate state they contrived to have a great deal of pleasure during the weeks of waiting for lawyers' work, and the delays which even the most impatient cannot overcome.

As the buds burst in Kensington Gardens, they strolled about among the great trees almost as quietly as in Fernyhurst woods of old, and enjoyed it as much as if they had been there.

They were sitting together under a magnificent old beech—one bright spring day, looking out on the exquisite green of the young leaves, which seem still more fresh and delicate contrasted with their black stems, and the dingy houses of the town, seen in glimpses between the trees. The green glades lay in every direction dappled with flickering shadows, flecked with spots of light; little specks of brilliant colour, scarlet and blue, varied with white, twinkled in and out on the distant sunny slopes; the sun shone, the birds sang, the babies played and shouted, tumbling like puppies one over the other on the springing grass; solemn old London seemed to have grown young, washed its face, and brightened into a smile under the April's cheery influence, while more than one edition of the old idyl in very different ranks of life was to be seen going on up and down the gardens.

"I can't think how I could be so impudent as to ask you when I did it that first time, May," said he abruptly, looking up with a smile after a long pause, as he sat at her feet upon one of the great roots of the tree; "without anything to offer of any kind, not even a penny to live on! 'pour l'amour of my beautiful self' alone."

"Oh no," said May, laughing; "you know you wanted me to help you in your work—it was a great compliment."

"Yes, that little item, the regeneration of the human race, with which one starts in life. Well, it is to be hoped I've learned something since then—a little modesty, at all events, and mistrust of oneself. De Tocqueville's only aspiration, perhaps, 'une modeste et savante ignorance.' But two are better than one to do God's work in the world, dear—stronger than man and woman alone—all to nothing. I was right there, at all events, in the mist of my self-conceit," he went on, as he drew her

arm within his for their long, pleasant walk home across the high, open, breezy ground of the upper part of the park, which is generally quiet, and but very little frequented by idlers. Presently he pointed to the faint outline of the Crystal Palace on the distant hills.

"I shall always have a great respect for that most useful and instructive institution. How much we enjoyed the Michel-Angelos that day, you remember! and art and science in general."

"Yes; but you'll take me to see them another time. I mustn't be cheated of my 'ploys' there."

"Ah, you want to see the acrobats, I understand," laughed he.

"No, you mustn't scold. Why mayn't I want to go to them as well as my betters?"

CHAPTER XXX.

THE END OF THE WHOLE MATTER.

SOPHIA was always convinced that it was owing to her own good management that May and Walter had come together. "It struck me, you know," she said confidentially to her neighbour at the wedding breakfast, "how desirable it would be, considering their long acquaintance — and then we arranged, you know Crystal Palace, one day at last, you know and old Lord Ardmore is such a fine-looking fellow — so much handsomer than Walter, so you see . . ." she ended looking across at the bridegroom as she gave this final and most convincing reason for the marriage.

Alicia made good any little shortcomings of her past behaviour most punctiliously; she was exceedingly anxious that May and her husband should come to Fernyhurst immediately, and pay any amount of visits they pleased. She would even have offered the duchess-dowager to meet them, and May might have had all the vases in the house, if she had wished it. "For when thou dost well for thyself, all men shall praise thee," says the cynical old king of Israel.

May took greatly to her new family: the cordial, rough, north-county sisters — the "five-and-thirty feet of daughters" which their father was rather proud of; the gentle, overworked mother, who was very thankful for her new child's help in their changed circumstances ("You know you'll take the girls out now, my dear, in London, and that'll be such a relief for me"); the old chief of the house, who received her so warmly.

It is seldom indeed that a marriage gives

such universal satisfaction, though from such different reasons. Colonel Seymour approved because it satisfied his conscientious scruples to see his sister-in-law perform her duty "according to that station of life," &c., &c., as the catechism instructs us; Cecilia was glad because she liked the *éclat* of a wedding and its accompaniments, and it was a pleasant *dénouement* for what she was pleased to call "her anxieties" for May; Tom, because he dearly loved his friend, and thought their union one of the greatest events in his life; Sophia, because she liked being related to a future peer; and Hastings, because it rather amused him to see his wife's annoyance, one of whose first observations on the subject he had happened to overhear (though said almost unconsciously to herself), "It's an older peerage than ours. Now I shall have to go out after May."

"The house is so small and so far off," said Cecilia to her husband one hot August day that autumn when she had been visiting her sister, "and there was Walter looking as ungainly as usual. I had been scolding at him for letting her tire herself at that stupid women's class, and she said she liked it, and that it wasn't his doing, and she looked so happy when he came bursting in. I'm sure I can't understand it; and they're going to have I don't know how many of those great, big, awkward girls to stay with them, for her to chaperone! as old, I daresay older than herself! However, she did say they were going to Lady Palmerston's to-night, and that Walter liked seeing people much better now than he did. I'm sure I'm surprised to hear that he thinks anything so sensible, but there's never knowing what he'll do, or what he'll like, with all those strange fancies of his about everything."

"He'll get into Parliament, I hope, directly," answered the Colonel consolingly, "and that'll bring him into harness sooner than anything, you'll see."

"He'll never be like other people at all," sighed Cecilia, shaking her head despondingly.

In spite, however, of these painful drawbacks to her happiness, there is something to be said for May's conviction, that it is better to endure any amount of loneliness in single life than to encounter a marriage where the truest love, in spite of all imperfections, was not to be found. There is no halfway-house in married life, and no aching solitude like that of an ill-matched pair, so close and yet so far away, eternally bound together and yet for ever divided. It is a proof of the long-suffering of the hu-

man race that great numbers of wedded pairs do not "cut each other's throats and their own afterwards" every year, according to the Irish receipt, as the happiest solution of the dead-lock in which they have engaged themselves for life, after an acquaintance founded on duly dancing a certain number of galops and waltzes together, too much out of breath to speak, a

garden party or two, a few dinners and a squeeze — admirable arrangements of society for enabling young people who desire to pass the whole of their lives together, to become intimately acquainted with each other's tempers, dispositions, and characters — for a relation which is to last, one would trust in some sense, not only here, but for ever.

SINGING OF SWANS. — In times ancient and modern "singing of swans" has been reckoned by naturalists among "vulgar errors" and groundless superstitions. It may therefore be interesting to your readers to hear that swans actually do sing, which I can testify by my own personal experience.

From my ninth to my eighteenth year I lived at a place in the west of Iceland, called Gufudalur. It is situated at the end of a small firth, called Gufufjörður, which is so shallow that by low water it is almost dry; the bottom of the firth is covered with sea-grass (*marhálmur*): In this firth hundreds of swans gather together all the year round, except during the winter months, when the firth is covered with ice; and in the month of August, which is their moulting season, when all of them leave this firth and go to another not far off, called Gilsfjörður. There is no apparent reason for this migration, as Gufufjörður seems in every way as safe and convenient for them during this season as Gilsfjörður. Tradition therefore accounts for this migration in the following manner: — Once upon a time two widows lived one on each side of Gufufjörður. At that time the swans did not go away during the moulting season, and the widows used to gather great quantities of swans' feathers, which are sold in Iceland at the present day at a halfpenny a piece. Thus the swans' feathers formed a considerable item in the income of the two widows. Once, however, one of the widows gathered feathers on a piece of land belonging to the other. A quarrel arose, and one of the widows uttered a spell to the effect that henceforth all the swans should leave Gufufjörður during the moulting season. I will not vouch for the correctness of this tradition, but the fact remains that this migration takes place annually during the above mentioned season.

During nine years I have heard the singing of the hundreds of swans which gather together in Gufufjörður. In the morning and evening their singing is so loud that it can be heard miles away, and the mountains on both sides ring with the echo of it, for at that time every individual swan seems to join in the chorus. This is, indeed, a wonderful concert. The singing of the swan has not the least resemblance to the cackling of geese or the quacking of ducks. In fact, its

voice is unlike the voice of any other bird that I have heard; it seems so clear and full, and has, as it were, a metallic ring in it. When it is calm and clear in the morning or the evening, the swans fly along the valley towards the mountains in parties of seven or nine, sometimes only three; as far as I can remember they are always in odd numbers. During their flight, they either keep in a straight line, one after another, or they form a triangle, leaving an open space in the middle; the foremost swan sometimes emitting single sounds at short intervals. The tradition of the singing of the swan being sweetest just before its death is well known in Iceland; but I am unable either to deny or to confirm this tradition, because I have never been present at the death of a swan.

The swans of Gufufjörður do not lay eggs there, and I am inclined to think that the most of them do not lay eggs at all, for their number in this firth does not seem to be less from the middle of May to the end of July, which is the season during which swans in Iceland lay eggs and bring up their young ones. On the mountains round Gufufjörður there are many small lakes or tarns, and on the banks of those lakes I have seen swans build nests and lay eggs; as a rule there is only one pair on each lake, and, strange to say, these swans sing but very seldom.

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We learn from the local papers that the royal author, the King of Burmah, has had an edition of 300 copies of a Burmese Grammar of Pali, printed at his own press, in the palace. To the horror of learned men of the old school, he has determined to discard the making of palm-leaf books. For the future, no leaf will be taken out of such books, and a leaf will cease to have a literal meaning in such case. Thus will be suppressed the painful process of cutting writing with an iron stile, which is hurtful to the eyes. Besides this, as the King has remarked, paper books can bear handling, and palm-leaf books will stand no rough usage.

Athenæum.

From The Spectator.
NATIONAL ATTRACTIVENESS.

THE extreme aversion with which the majority of the Alsatians regard the prospect of a transfer to Germany seems to be admitted on all hands, even by the Professors who are recommending the ravishment as, on the whole, the most religious and high-principled method of making love, and the fact suggests some curious reflections. What is the secret of national attractiveness, of the charm which some races or nations appear to have for others? We do not mean the secret of the power of ruling, the secret learned so perfectly by Romans, Anglo-Saxons, Turks, and all manner of disagreeable populations, but the secret by which one race sometimes draws another to itself as perfectly as a lover draws his bride. It certainly is not race. That is the explanation of modern philosophers, and even of many statesmen who regard the attractive force exercised by community of origin with an almost superstitious dread. Look, they say, at the perfection of unity which exists between England and Scotland, at the rapidity with which Germans have drawn together, at the disposition to cohere manifested by Slavs in the dangerous movement known as Panslavism. Their fears, however, judged by the facts, would seem to be exaggerated. No hatred is deeper or more permanent than that which the two best known branches of the Slav race entertain for one another, the English and Scotch maintained a bitter feud for centuries, while the different branches of the Teuton stock show not the slightest disposition to coalesce. Englishmen and Americans, though not so hostile as their literary class makes out, still are far from fond of one another; and the German readiness to become either English or American, is by no means indicative of thorough liking either for Americans or Englishmen, and is by no means strongly reciprocated. Englishmen never display either for America or Germany the affection which they constantly display for Italy, an affection which rises among Anglo-Italians to a fanaticism, and has, so far as we know, no parallel in any other people, certainly in no people of the Latin race. Neither Frenchman nor Spaniard ever genuinely loves or honestly respects Italy, while the Italian looks on both Spaniard and Frenchman with a distaste which in the latter case is only deepened by his fear. On the other hand, the Frenchman attracts two races separated by origin entirely from himself with an attraction

over which injustice, treachery or ridicule seems to have no power. The Alsatians are Germans by origin, do not speak French, and have been for generations the butt of Parisian wit as a Boeotian people, a thick-headed set, scarcely deserving to be classed as Frenchmen. Their peculiarities are travestied by French comedians as freely as the English, and they are distinctly oppressed in the matter of cultivation, the oppression being aggravated by a slight sting of contempt. Small boys in Strasburg who speak German are made to walk about with a board tied to them till they can transfer it to some one who is in a similar way "contemning civilization" by speaking his own tongue. The Poles are Slavons by origin, know no French, and have been, on the whole, bitterly ill-treated by France, which has time after time summoned them to battle and then betrayed them; yet they, like the Alsatians, are almost to a man the friends of France, fight by her side, cannot be conciliated or subjugated by any other people. It is scarcely too much to say that, as far as the consent of the people is concerned, France might hold Poland as a Viceroyalty more easily than England held the colonies across the Atlantic filled with her own children. Why?

If the secret of attractiveness is not race, neither is it altogether history. By history no people could be more thoroughly intertwined than the South and the North, yet hostility between Yankees and Virginians is deeper than the hostility between any races in Europe, while eight centuries of incessant war did not suffice to prevent ultimate unity between Englishmen and Scotchmen, and six centuries of common achievement have not cemented the friendship of Irishmen and their conquerors. Italy had for centuries no common history, yet its people became one; while the States of Spanish America, whose history is identical, fight each other with a savageness to which Europe affords no parallel. On the other hand, the single people in the world which has to avenge on the Anglo-Saxon a history of wilful and deliberate wrong, wrong without limit or power of excuse except the badness of human nature, is also the single inferior race which, having come in contact with it, approves it. The fact would be incredible, were it not supported by such a mass of evidence; but it is, nevertheless, true that the American negro feels no bitterness towards his oppressors; but, on the contrary, admires them, resents expatriation as an injury, imitates his enemies

in all things that he can, would if allowed, become the most loyal and long-suffering of his subjects. While the Red Indian fights to the death, and the Hindoo looks on his conqueror with half-amused irritation, the negro is ready to stand and die by the white man's side. The relation is the more extraordinary, because under the same circumstances the negro did not maintain it either with Frenchmen or with Spaniards. The moment he had the chance, he killed his masters in St. Domingo, while the great war of American emancipation was unmarked by a single massacre, or indeed by a single rising of any but the smallest importance.

We know of no more perplexing circumstance in the whole history of race than the relation of the Negro to the American, and are half inclined to suspect that in it must be sought the general explanation of the attractiveness of races. Is it not this,—that men, whatever their origin, or their language, or their circumstances, are attracted towards any nation whose character or attitude in the world or ideal of life satisfies their imagination? The Hindoo does not like or admire the British ideal, does not wish, if he may choose for himself, to become an Englishman, and while yielding at every turn to his power, and on many subjects to his influence, never acknowledges, consciously or unconsciously, his attractiveness, never quite gets rid of the sense that he is bowing before a barbarian. If Hindostan were like England, it would be a very detestable place,—that is his feeling, avowed or secret, and he can therefore at best be quiescent under English rule. The negro, on the contrary, would give the world to be a white man, is as proud as the white of his citizenship, thinks the States the finest country on earth, and shares to an almost comic degree in the prejudices of his former master. He conceives of no state of society more satisfactory than a free South would be, and is ready therefore, if fairly treated to become a loyal citizen. The Irishman, on the contrary, is not ready. He is haunted by an ideal which no Anglo-Saxon people can satisfy, and which therefore makes him consider loyalty to them, and still more absorption in them, as degradation. The kind of goodness he appreciates, the kind of greatness he admires, the kind of destiny he seeks is not the Anglo-Saxon, and no amount of justice, or kindness, or equality ever completely reconciles him to his fate. The Alsatian, again, is reconciled. His language is more akin to

German than French, his domestic habits are German, by origin he belongs to the German people, but his imagination is with the French. Theirs is the only kind of liberty he has ever had, theirs the only glory he has ever shared, theirs the only administration which has seemed to him efficient, and he cannot consent to be robbed of his ideal. This generation may be enriched by the transfer, or made happier, or become more enlightened; but Germany will never be to them what France is, an ideal possession, rather than lose which a man may be content to die, something which so satisfies his imagination that merely to possess it sweetens life. The regard of the Irishman and the Pole for France is inspired by the same cause. Something in the history of France, in her national character, in her ideal of life, satisfies the Irishman and the Pole as no other form of greatness ever does, and he turns from England or Russia to France with the feeling with which men who hate mountains turn to the far less picturesque plains, with a feeling of content and relief. They are great races, these English and Russ, but their greatness is not the greatness which entices, or awes, or excites him, and he turns away with his longing still unsatisfied. Three races as different from one another in race, habits, and language as it is possible for races to be, are linked together by a tie which we can only describe as a sympathy of the imagination. It is because the Teutonic imagination, and therefore his ideal of life, is so special, so separate, and to an outsider so unintelligible, that he alone among mankind, unless, indeed, the Spaniard shares his unenviable isolation, attracts no affection from any other race; that, ruling all races, and incessantly in intercourse with all, he has never throughout his long history found a devoted ally. In Poland, in Ireland, in India, in the semi-Spanish States of America, the very men who serve him are potential rebels, and he has found but one follower, the negro whom he oppresses, and who with every race but the Anglo-Saxon has isolated himself by arms.

From The Saturday Review.
GREAT GIRLS.

NOTHING is more distinctive among women than the difference of relative age between them. Two women of the same number of years will be substantially of

different epochs of life—the one faded in person, wearied in mind, fossilized in sympathy; the other fresh both in face and feeling, with sympathies as broad and keen as they were when she was in her first youth, and perhaps even more so; with a brain still as receptive, a temper still as easy to be amused, as ready to love, as quick to learn, as when she emerged from the school-room to the drawing-room. The one you suspect of understating her age by half-a-dozen years or more when she tells you she is not over forty, the other makes you wonder if she has not overstated hers by just so much when she laughingly confesses to the same age. The one is an old woman who seems as if she had never been young, the other "just a great girl yet," who seems as if she would never grow old; and nothing is equal between them but the number of days each has lived.

This kind of woman, so fresh and active, so intellectually as well as emotionally alive, is never anything but a girl; never loses some of the sweetest characteristics of girlhood. You see her first as a young wife and mother, and you imagine she has left the school-room for about as many months as she has been married years. Her face has none of that untranslatable expression, that look of robbed bloom, which experience gives; in her manner is none of the preoccupation so observable in most young mothers, whose attention never seems wholly given to the thing on hand, and whose hearts seem always full of a secret care or an unimparted joy. Brisk and airy, braving all weathers, ready for any amusement, interested in the current questions of history or society, by some wonderful faculty of organizing seeming to have all her time to herself as if she had no house cares and no nursery duties, yet these somehow not neglected, she is the very ideal of a happy girl roving through life as through a daisy field, on whom sorrow has not yet laid its hand, and to whose lot has fallen no Dead Sea apple. And when one hears her name and style for the first time as a matron, and sees her with two or three sturdy little fellows hanging about her slender neck and calling her mamma, one feels as if nature had somehow made a mistake, and our slim and simple-mannered damsel had only made-believe to have taken up the serious burdens of life, and was nothing but a great girl after all.

Grown older she is still the great girl she was ten years ago, if her type of girlishness is a little changed and her gaiety

of manner a little less persistent. But even now, with a big boy at Eton, and a daughter whose presentation is not so far off, she is younger than her staid and melancholy sister, her junior by many years, who has gone in for the Immensities and the Worship of Sorrow, who thinks laughter the sign of a vacant mind, and that to be interesting and picturesque a woman must be mournful and have a defective digestion. Her sister looks as if all that makes life worth living for lay behind her, and only the grave beyond; she, the great girl, with her bright face and even temper, believes that her future will be as joyous as her present, as innocent as her past, as full of love, and as purely happy. She has known some sorrows truly, and she has gained experience such as comes only through the rending of the heart-strings; but nothing that she has passed through has seared or soured her, and if it has taken off just the lighter edge of her girlishness it has left the core as bright and cheery as ever. She is generally of the style called "elegant," and wonderfully young in mere physical appearance. Perhaps sharp eyes might spy out here and there a little silver thread among the soft brown hair; and when fatigued or set in a cross light, lines not quite belonging to the teens might be traced about her eyes and mouth; but in favourable conditions, with her graceful figure advantageously draped, and her fair face flushed and animated, she looks just a great girl, no more, and she feels as she looks. It is well for her if her husband is a wise man, and more proud of her than jealous, for he must submit to see her admired by all the men who know her, according to their individual manner of expressing admiration; but as purity of nature and singleness of heart belong to her qualification for great girlishness, he has no cause for alarm, and she is as safe with Don Juan as with St. Anthony.

These great girls, being middle-aged matrons, are often seen in the country; and one of the things which most strike a Londoner is the abiding youthfulness of this kind of matron. She has a large family, the elders of which are grown up, but she has lost none of the beauty for which her youth was noted, though it is now a different kind of beauty; and she has still the air and manners of a girl. She blushes easily, is shy and sometimes apt to be a little awkward, though always sweet and gentle; she knows very little of real life and less of its vices; she is pitiful to sorrow, affectionate to her friends, who how-

ever are few in number, and strongly attached to her own family; she has no theological doubts, no scientific proclivities, and the conditions of society and the family do not perplex her; she thinks Darwinism and the protoplasm dangerous innovations, and the doctrine of Free Love with Mrs. Cady Stanton's development is something too shocking for her to talk about; she lifts her calm clear eyes in wonder at the wild proceedings of the shrieking sisterhood, and cannot for the life of her make out what all this tumult means, and what the women want. For herself, she has no doubts whatever, no moral uncertainties. The path of duty is as plain to her as the words of the Bible, and she loves her husband too well to wish to be his rival, or to desire an individualized existence. She is his wife, she says; and that seems more satisfactory to her than to be herself a somebody in the full light of notoriety, with him in the shade as her appendage. If she is inclined to be intolerant to any one, it is to those who seek to disturb the existing state of things, or whose speculations unsettle men's minds; those who, as she thinks, entangle the sense of that which is clear and straightforward enough if they would but leave it alone, and by their love of iconoclasm run the risk of destroying more than idols. But she is intolerant only because she believes that when men put forth false doctrines they put them forth for a bad purpose, and to do intentional mischief. Had she not this simple faith, which no philosophic questionings have either enlarged or disturbed, she would not be the great girl she is; and what she would have gained in catholicity she would have lost in freshness. For herself, she has no self-asserting power, and would shrink from any kind of public action; but she likes to visit the poor, and is sedulous in the matter of tracts and flannel-petticoats, vexing the souls of the sterner, if wiser, guardians and magistrates by her generosity, which they affirm only encourages idleness and creates pauperism. She cannot see it in that light. Charity is one of the cardinal virtues of Christianity, and accordingly charitable she will be, in spite of all that political economists may say. She belongs to her family, they do not belong to her; and you seldom hear her say "I went," or "I did," it is always "we"; which, though a small point, is a significant one, showing how little she holds to anything like an isolated individuality, and how entirely she feels a woman's life to belong to and be bound up in her home re-

lations. She is romantic too, and has her dreams and memories of early days; when her eyes grow moist as she looks at her husband, the first and only man she ever loved, and the past seems to be only part of the present. The experience which she must needs have had serves only to make her more gentle, more pitiful, than the ordinary girl, who is naturally inclined to be a little hard; and of all her household she is the kindest and the most intrinsically sympathetic. She keeps up her youth for the children's sake she says, and they love her more like an elder sister than the traditional mother. They never think of her a old, for she is their constant companion, and can do all that they do. She is fond of exercise, is a good walker, an active climber, a bold horsewoman, and a great promoter of picnics and open-air amusements. She looks almost as young as her eldest daughter in cap and with covered shoulders; and her sons have a certain playfulness in their pride and love for her which makes them more her brothers than her sons. Some of them are elderly men before she has ceased to be a great girl; for she keeps her youth to the last by virtue of a clear conscience, a pure mind, and a loving nature. She is wise too in her generation, and takes care of her health by means of active habits, fresh air, cold water, and a sparing use of medicines and stimulants; and if the dear soul is proud of anything it is of her figure, which she keeps trim and elastic to the last, and of the clearness of her skin, which no heated rooms have soddened, no accustomed strong waters have rendered clouded or bloated.

Then there are great girls of another kind—women who, losing the sweetness of youth, do not get in its stead the dignity of maturity; who are fretful, impatient, undisciplined, knowing no more of themselves or human nature than they did when they were nineteen, yet retaining nothing of that innocent simplicity, that single-hearted freshness and joyousness of nature, which one does not wish to see disturbed even for the sake of a deeper knowledge. These are the women who will not get old, and who consequently do not keep young; who, when they are fifty, dress themselves in gauze and rosebuds, and think to conceal their years by a judicious use of many paint-pots and the liberality of the hairdresser; who are jealous of their daughters, whom they keep back as much and as long as they can, and terribly aggrieved at their irrepressible six feet of sonship; women who have a

trick of putting up their fans before their faces as if they were blushing, who give you the impression of flounces and ringlets, and who flirt by means of much laughter and a long-sustained giggle; who talk incessantly, yet have said nothing to the purpose when they have done; and who simper and confess they are not strong-minded but only "an awfully silly little thing" when you try to lead the conversation into anything graver than fashion and flirting. They are women who never learn repose of mind or dignity of manner; who never lose their taste for mindless amusements, and never acquire one for nature or quiet happiness; and who like to have lovers always hanging about them — men for the most part younger than themselves, whom they call naughty boys, and tap playfully by way of rebuke. They are women unable to give young girls any kind of advice on prudence or conduct, mothers who know nothing of children, mistresses ignorant of the alphabet of housekeeping, wives whose husbands are merely the bankers, and most probably the bugbears, of the establishment; women who think it horrible to get old, and who resent the idea as a personal injury, and to whom, when you talk of spiritual peace or intellectual pleasures, you are as unintelligible as if you were discoursing in the Hebrew tongue. As a class they are wonderfully inept, and their hands are practically useless, save as ring-stands and glove-stretchers. For they can do nothing with them, not even frivolous fancy-work; they read only novels, and one of the marvels of their existence is what they do with themselves in those hours when they are not dressing, flirting, or paying visits. If they are of a querulous and nervous type, their children fly from them to the furthest corners of the house; if they are molluscos and good-natured, they let themselves be manipulated, up to a certain point, but always on the understanding that they are only a few years older than their daughters; almost all these women, by some fatality peculiar to themselves, having married when they were about fifteen, and having given birth to progeny with the uncomfortable property of looking about half a dozen years older than they are. This accounts for the phenomenon of a girlish matron of this kind, dressed to represent first youth, with a sturdy black-browed débutante by her side, looking, you would swear to it, of full majority if a day. Her only chance is to get that black-browed tell-tale married out of hand; and this is

the reason why so many daughters of great girls of this type make such notoriously early — and bad — matches; and why, when once married, they are never seen in society again. Grandmaternity and girlishness scarcely fit in well together, and rosebuds are a little out of place when a nursery of the second degree is established. There are scores of women fluttering through society at this moment whose elder daughters have been socially burked by the friendly agency of a marriage almost as soon as, or even before, they were introduced, and who are therefore no longer witnesses against the hairdresser and the paint-pots; and there are scores of these same marriageable daughters eating out their hearts and spoiling their pretty faces in the school-room a couple of years beyond their time, that mamma may still believe the world takes her to be under thirty yet — and young at that.

From *The Economist*.

THE POLITICAL RESULT OF THE
ELECTIONS TO THE METROPOLITAN
SCHOOL BOARD.

The general result of the great experiment tried in the election of the Metropolitan School Board must be highly satisfactory to its authors. It has settled several very dubious questions, and settled them in favour of the opinions which they entertain, or rather which they think may possibly be accurate. It has, moreover, removed several vague, but extremely serious, doubts which they were not accustomed to express, but which there is reason to surmise floated about in their minds. In the first place, and probably the most important place, the election has proved that London — the province covered with houses and called by that name — can elect an extremely creditable governing body, and that such body is much more creditable than it would have been had the elections been parochial. It is true the voters voted in districts, and for people locally known; but the members elected were elected for the general Board — that is, for a very visible and influential position. Consequently, people who would never have entered the lists in a parochial struggle offered themselves to the electors, and the electors, knowing that considerable issues were at stake, exerted themselves to seat the best man. Almost every conspicuous person — person that is known

outside London — who offered himself or herself was elected. The Board, as a whole, is as much superior to any ordinary Vestry or Board of Guardians as the House of Commons is to any considerable Town Council — is possibly better than it would have been had Mr. Forster or the Premier nominated its members. Every grade in society, from the peer to the stonemason, is represented — every creed, from the Catholic to the secularist, both sexes, and nearly every form of thought upon the immediate work in hand. The Board, at the same time, is not a mere group of notabilities, who would have attempted to try plans a little too intellectual to content a community always unwilling to like anything it does not clearly understand. At least thirty members of the Board are average citizens of the better class, sharing most of the opinions of those around them, but more ready to receive new ideas, and less unwilling to be led by the few men of decided eminence among them. Such a Board is sure not to get quite out of relation with its constituents, and yet sure to be a little in advance of them, which is just the position a wise Minister of Education would desire such a Board to occupy. On religion it is sure to be unsectarian, while sure not to offend the majority by avowed secularism, and to allow a fair hearing to crochets without permitting them to interfere with the daily work of the department. Of business capacity of all kinds the Board has sufficient, — though we could have wished it had not lost the aid of Sir Sydney Waterlow, — while it includes five or six minds of striking and original power. If we could get such a Board for the general government of London, we might safely relieve Parliament of that oppressive task; while it has become clear that the best device to secure such a Board is to throw London into one, to change the "Metropolitan District" into the Metropolis. Considering the enormous importance and at the same time the inevitableness of that change, it is most advantageous to have obtained such light as is furnished by the election of the common School Board. It is clear that the heterogeneous and disconnected masses of persons who inhabit the London "districts" can, if sufficiently interested, discover and elect persons competent to represent their interests and their convictions.

The next subject of experiment was the working of the ballot, and on this point the working of the experiment is satisfactory. The use of the ballot decidedly promoted order. Although the election excited

much religious and sectarian feeling, although it was protracted through long hours of darkness, and although those who voted were at least as much interested as they are in a metropolitan contest, no election has ever been so peaceful. There was neither rioting, confusion, nor drinking. No one knew how the election was going, and consequently no one felt any interest in drawing or coaxing away electors who, for aught they knew, might be intending to vote upon their side. So perfect was the order that thousands of female ratepayers of all classes voted in perfect comfort, and the election was marked by a most unequal attendance of citizens of the best class, and of the *élite* of the working men — two sets of persons whose votes are most desirable, who are unusually competent to vote, but who are apt to a blameworthy degree to avoid scenes of violence or confusion. On the other hand, the result of the contest will do wonders to remove a secret fear which has greatly impeded the adoption of the ballot. We venture to say that two out of three of the opponents of that method of voting oppose it under an impression that it would bring out the secret grudges of the community — that the "masses," relieved of all pressure, even from opinions, would indulge a secret spite by voting down all candidates more prosperous than themselves. The very reverse has been the case. Of the two peers who offered themselves, one, Lord Lawrence, was safe from the first; and the other, although a Catholic, was within an ace of election. And of the two peers' sons, one was returned by a heavy vote, and the other rejected, we believe, only from a defect of organization in his party. Almost all members who stood were elected, Lord E. Fitzmaurice being the only exception. The typical professor, Mr. Huxley, a man recommended only by his scientific reputation, stood high on the list. Clergymen of all denominations were readily returned; and there seems to have been a positive burst of enthusiasm in favour of two lady candidates, both of whom belong decidedly to the cultivated class. The extraordinary position of Miss Garrett, who heads the poll not only in Marylebone, but in London, she having received 20,000 more votes than the next highest candidate throughout the Metropolis, is due, no doubt, in part to the cumulative vote, and the remarkable interest taken in her personal career; but it must also in part be due to an honest desire for justice, a distinct feeling, as one worthy voter remarked, that, "as half the critters were

gals, it was only fair a woman should be let look after them," — precisely the *kind* of feeling, which as its opponents feared, would not be displayed under the ballot. So far from any jealousy existing of social distinctions, scarcely one man of social distinction failed, and only one working man was elected, — a fact on some accounts no doubt to be regretted, but gratifying, because it shows that those who receive wages are not at heart inclined to band together to vote down those who pay them. The apparent sentiment of the people is also their real sentiment, and there is, therefore, nothing like mutiny to fear from secret voting.

And, finally, there is the great experiment of the cumulative vote. There is not, we consider, upon this point quite so, conclusive a result as upon the others, though some of the objections recently raised are a little far-fetched. There is no doubt, a very great wasting of votes, but wasting of votes is not pure loss to the electoral body. On the contrary, waste implies that the electors are voting as they please, and not at the bidding of any caucus, clique, or group of agents, such as in America directs elections by dint of chicane, calculation, and careful drill. There is a good deal of danger to be feared from that cause, such cliques having a strong tendency either to become corrupt, or to select candidates whose single recommendation to their favour is personal subserviency. It is clear that the cumulative vote, more especially when liberally applied, does allow of the representation of minorities — unpopular sects, for example, like the Catholics, securing their full share of the representation to which they are entitled. This is an excellent result, so far as it tends to consolidate and soothe the electorate by preventing a sense of oppression or permanent exclusion from office; but, unfortunately, the scheme also confers a similar power on persons who are only riding a hobby, and even on any well-organized and numerous "interest." That is decidedly bad for the community, — the soundness of a man's opinions on alcohol, trades' unions, the observance of Sunday, or the management of the Order of Foresters, being no guarantee for his capacity as a legislator, while his willingness to accept a nomination from any numerous "interest" is *pro tanto* proof that he will be neither capable nor independent. The system to work perfectly will require great delicacy of adjustment. It is quite fair, for example, that Catholics should be represented on the School Boards, not fair

that a tenth of the population should carry its nominee to the top of the poll, and thus create a false impression of general influence and organization. The place on the poll does not, it is true, matter to the result; but no system stands long which misrepresents facts, or creates in the minds of those who work it a distinct impression of unfairness, while it must be observed that the very same people who extenuate the Catholic success because place on the list does not signify, exult in the success of Miss Garrett and Miss Davies because it does. The cumulative vote, moreover, is exposed to the objection that to work it fully the small body who are by its means to be represented must be very strongly organized — so strongly as to surrender its independence, contrary to the intentions of the Legislature. On the whole, we should say that, except in cases where, as on this School Board, the representation of very extreme opinions is advantageous just because they are very extreme opinions, the cumulative vote is a difficult weapon to employ, and, if employed, should be so limited as to secure the representation only of very considerable minorities, and only of them when their representation will not cancel the just influence of the majority. The scheme works better than the one adopted in the three-cornered boroughs, because it leaves the true majority votes to bestow on the third candidate, who under the present plan, is almost of necessity a minority member; but it requires adjustment, and tends to the over-representation of unimportant sections of the electorate, that is, to a dangerous diversity between the fact and the representation of the fact. The Catholics are not entitled in any great English borough to seem the strongest section of the community.

From The Spectator.

ENGLISH OPINION ON FRENCH AFFAIRS.

It is still necessary to point out the amazing illusions to which the English want of imagination sometimes gives rise. Our countrymen every now and then, particularly when excited by the spectacle of victory, suffer their minds to fall into ruts, out of which it is almost impossible to extricate them, and in which their only creed seems to be the second sentence of the doxology, "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end." Because the Germans have beaten

French armies for a month, therefore they will always beat them. Because Metz capitulated, therefore Paris, which is to Metz what a Mirabeau is to a serjeant-major, is certain also to capitulate. Because the German telegrams, when truth was more effective than romance, were always accurate, therefore those telegrams will be accurate when romance tells more effectively than truth. And conversely, because the French when beaten fight badly, therefore they will fight badly when victorious; and because, in their wounded vanity, they hide defeat in lyrical phrases, therefore in their gratified pride they are sure to indulge in lying bombast. Everybody in fact is, like a Teuton, to be always true to one and the same character. The Teuton, whether German, or Englishman, or American, is always pretty much the same man, does his duty gravely and without chatter, fights as hard when beaten as when successful, and with his day's work cut out for him, does not care two straws whether he has been beaten elsewhere or not. Englishmen have fought magnificently in retreat, as witness Corunna; and we have not the least doubt that if Von Moltke's hosts were whittled away to a battalion, that battalion would charge as one battalion charged at Amiens, "as if it were on parade;" and the last surviving officer would be obeyed as if he could summon the whole military hierarchy to his support. English admiration of that kind of conduct is well justified, and is in itself rather a splendid trait in the national character, but it is none the less stupid to be unable to perceive that there are other characters in the world — men who are not always alike, soldiers who require stimulants other than beef and beer, who must have hope, and confidence, and excitement, before what is in them can come out. Englishmen without legally appointed leaders, or without a consciousness that law is on their side, or without a sense of duty of some sort, so far from fighting well, fight infamously, shrinking from attack like the most volatile of Southerners. There is scarcely a creditable *émeute* in our history, scarcely an instance recorded in which an English or an American crowd has not fled before a few soldiers or policemen, or, as in the Forrest riot in New York, a few untried volunteers, in a style which in any other race would have indicated abject cowardice. A troop of lancers would have scattered the London crowd that welcomed Garibaldi like so many sheep, and a squad of yeomanry scarcely able to ride have repeatedly

frightened the manhood out of a great city. A French, or Italian, or Spanish mob would have eaten those fellows who won Peterloo and who restored authority in a whole district. Our people, to fight splendidly, want the stimulus that fires them, and so do the French; but because it is not the same stimulus, English observers will have it that it is not a stimulus that is wanting, but pluck, and after an experience of six hundred years still believe, because some demoralized Generals surrendered at Sedan, therefore the character of their ancient enemy is totally changed, therefore Frenchmen, and especially the Zouaves, who charged by the side of the Guards at Inkerman, have become cowards, incapable of discipline, from whom victory is not to be expected. No general experience seems to teach us to disregard the teaching of the moment.

The truth is, that the French are before all things an imaginative people; that their weakness, as their strength, is sentiment; and that till their imagination has been fired, or their sentiment fairly roused, they are no more good fighters than the English are till it is their duty to fight. Their sentiment has been roused to fierce vigour by what they think the harshness with which they have been treated, by the insults lavished upon men whom they obey, and by the demand that they should desert their fellow-citizens in misfortune. They have, therefore, filled up the armies, and now suddenly a hope of victory has stirred the imagination without which their courage sinks like the courage of an Englishman without food, and the French armies have become armies of soldiers again. If suddenly defeated once more their courage may sink again; but if not, the war is but just begun, for army after army will rise in France just as brave and determined and enduring as the Germans, inferior to them only in the training of their officers, and far superior to them in numbers. Should the Germans begin to retreat, all France will hurl itself upon them, till it may be that in January English journals will be criticizing with imperturbable inconsistency "the reckless contempt of life and common-sense so characteristic of the French in war." The very soldiers who ran will fight then, to the surprise of English mankind, who next day will quote with approval the description of Clive's felons, who in their first battle shrieked with fear, and in their last, under the same chief, conquered Bengal at odds of one to thirty. Cannot our people, who are *par excellence* the people of travellers, understand that

something other than "a strip of silver sea" separates us from France; that a race full of sentiment and emotion, of impulse and of vanity, of genius and of daring, utterly dependent on its leaders, needing the brandy of success to evoke its courage, will not, in great crises, act like a stubborn *borné* people, as incapable of forming a device as of abandoning one when formed; which derives, if not new courage, new energy from defeat; and is as free from the liability to despair as it is wanting in the power to recruit its vigour on mere hope? Cannot a nation of mechanics imagine that a people "unstable as water" may be as incompressible as that element, or believe that water, once rigidly bound, may force its way through iron? and above all, cannot we, with our unique experience in Ireland, where the bravest race in the world skulk in frieze from the cause of their hearts, and fight like heroes in red for causes which they detest, comprehend that there are races to whose success in war there are certain precedent conditions, who need stimulants differing utterly in kind from those that we require?

From The New York Evening Post.
NEUTRALITY IN AMERICA.

MR. C. F. ADAMS in his recent able address before the N. Y. Historical Society on neutrality in America spoke thus of Albert Gallatin.

"Calm in discussion, quick in mastering the points at issue, ready in resource and adroit in giving shape to acceptable propositions, his influence upon the thread of the negotiation is apparent not less in the intercourse with the opposite side than in reconciling the jarring interests of his own. It may justly be said of him that in this most important emergency, when the scales were trembling in the balance, his peculiar qualifications came in to give just the weight adequate to secure the desired result. Thus it turned out that on the 24th December, 1814, the treaty of peace with Great Britain was made, which has secured the pacific relations of the two countries for a period now extending beyond half a century.

"Of the character of that treaty there were opposite opinions held at the time, though the event was hailed with universal joy. It was objected to it that in terms it settled none of the great questions of neutral rights, for the defence of which

the war had been declared, and left matters much in the condition in which they were before. Literally speaking, the remark may be true, and yet in point of fact it is the very opposite of truth. Great Britain, in terms, yielded nothing of the pretensions she had advanced before the war. It is not her habit, nor the habit of any great nation, to humiliate itself unnecessarily. On the other hand, from the date of that treaty down to this moment not a question has been raised, not a complaint made of the repetition of any such scenes on the ocean as were happening every day before. The barbarous practice of impressment has been voluntarily abandoned. The claim of a right to the services of a subject in despite of naturalization elsewhere has never since been advanced, and has very lately been explicitly surrendered; and from being a fierce enemy to the maintenance of neutral rights, Great Britain has gradually been becoming our aptest scholar. Indeed, she has outrun her preceptor. For in 1856 she gave in her adhesion to the treaty of Paris, which abandoned the piratical practice of privateering, and recognized the principle she had so long contested, of free ships, free goods. Nay, even more than that. In the late unhappy conflict between ourselves, it happened to be my particular duty to make many complaints of her alleged violations of neutrality, the favorite mode of replying to which was by appeals to our own construction of neutral doctrines. This being so, I think it may justly be claimed that the treaty of Ghent was our greatest triumph, inasmuch as from that date has commenced the change of policy, which has at last placed the most ruthless belligerent known to the world in the ranks of those who recognize the principle upon which Washington started, and which Mr. Wheaton has put into language which I now ask leave to repeat: "The right of every independent state to remain at peace whilst other states are engaged in war, is an incontestable attribute of sovereignty."

"Happy day of a treaty which witnessed the establishment of so grand a revolution. Worthy, indeed, of being signed on the eve of that blessed morn, the anniversary of that declaration from on high of a mission of peace and good will to all mankind."

At the conclusion of the address Mr. Bryant said:

"I have listened with great delight

and deep interest to the address of our eminent friend from Boston, and wonder not that he has so perfectly enchain'd the attention of the audience. I have heard with admiration the wise maxims of public pol'ey which he has so clearly stated, and rendered luminous by so many illustrations from our history, happily chosen, woven into one symmetrical whole, and interfused with his own individual thought. I have listened with a special interest to that part of his address which related to Citizen Genet, who had the contest with Washington, in which he was so ingloriously worsted, because I knew the man, and remember him very vividly. Some forty-five years since he came occasionally to New York, where I saw him. He was a tall man, with a reddish wig and a full round voice, speaking English in a sort of oratorical manner, like a man making a speech, but very well for a Frenchman. He was a dreamer in some respects, and I remember had a plan for navigating the air in balloons. A pamphlet of his was published a little before the time I knew him, entitled "Aerial Navigation," illustrated by an engraving of a balloon shaped like a fish, propelled by sails and guided by a rudder in which he maintained that man could navigate the air as well as he could navigate the ocean in a ship.

"When De Witt Clinton was Governor of this state, a Quaker, who had, as the Scotch say, a bee in his bonnet, called on him and said that he had a project to submit to him, in behalf of which he wanted his influence. It was to gather the Jewish people from their dispersion and build for them two cities in the High-

lands of the Hudson, on two mountains. Thither he wanted them all to go and be happy. They might, he added, make frequent visits to each other, passing from mountain to mountain, and so give much of their time to social intercourse.

"Mr. Clinton listened to him patiently, and then suggested that there was one difficulty in the plan. "Going down one steep mountain and going up another would be hard work, particularly for the women and be likely to prevent much intercourse between the two cities."

"Ah," said the Quaker, Hanson, I believe was his name, "I never thought of that. What does thee advise in the matter?"

"There is a gentleman at Troy," answered Clinton, "Mr. Genet, who has a plan by which, perhaps, the difficulty might be obviated. Suppose you consult him."

"The Quaker went and consulted Genet, who explained to him his system of aerial navigation, and assured him that there was nothing to prevent the people of the two cities from passing from one to the other horizontally through the air.

"Afterwards Hanson met with Mr. Clinton, who asked him, "Well, did you see Citizen Genet?"

"I did," answered Hanson, and then assuming a confidential tone, "but don't thee think that friend Genet is a little visionary?"

"He was visionary, and one of his visionary projects was his appeal to the American people against the firm resolve of Washington to persevere in the assertion of our neutrality in the war between France and Great Britain."

THE latest accounts of the state of affairs at Tien-tsin and the action of the Chinese Government subsequent to the massacre are not reassuring. The *Times'* correspondent at Shanghai, writing on August 4, gives horrible details of the tortures to which the native converts who were released had been subjected, but seems inclined to believe that the so called "pro-foreign" party is at present powerful in the councils of the Emperor, and quotes the proclamation in which he condemns the popular charges against the missionaries as false. One edict, however, not intended for foreign eyes, reveals only too plainly the Emperor's consciousness that the massacre was directly instigated by the officials, and that further outrages of the kind, against all Christians indiscriminately, are con-

templated elsewhere, so that in view of the great influence still possessed at Court by the anti-foreign party, this danger is far from over. Meanwhile proclamations are openly posted on the walls, in which the Roman Catholics are accused of exercising witchcraft on Chinese with a view to the commission of horrible and fantastic cruelties, and under cover of giving a magical talisman against such spells, the populace is called upon to join in the "expulsion of the foreigner." In Tien-tsin the mob becomes daily more insolent, and the cry that nothing but strong external pressure can secure the safety of foreigners throughout China is again raised with too much semblance of truth.

Spectator.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
AFTER TEN YEARS.

SHE.

COME out beyond this house and garden pale,
Where I have lived and walked these hopeless years;
These lonely longsome years, whose only tale
Has been of hope deferr'd, and whose sick tears,
Slow-dropping on my heart, have deadened it,
Till even dreaded pain has lost his sting,
And grown familiar, us'd all day and night,
Beside me close to sit,
And lay his leaden hand on everything
That once was young and quick and warmly bright.

Come out, away; here I am ever bound,
And only half-alive; close clinging weeds
Stifle and wrap my brain; my heart is wound
In a shroud of ten years' patience; here it feeds
On mem'r'y bitter rind, it cannot awake
To understand your coming, and the life
You say is yet before us; here each tree,
Each leaf and flower-flake,
Speaks to me of the past, and, like a knife,
The faint sweet smell of lilac pierces me!

How have I spent these years you ask? Soon told,
The story of my springtime! Eight years pass'd
In tending him who parted us of old,
Using a father's right; and these two last,
After he died (died palsied, mindless, blind),
Have crept by sadly in grey silent days
Free from all care or burden, but alone:
Voices cold or kind
I shrank from; all too old to change my ways,
For two long years now I have lived alone!

The summers came with tender lilacs twin'd,
And went in rain of rose-leaves falling fast
Upon the sighing, sobbing, autumn wind;
They killed me with the thought of summers past!
In winter I could better bear my life;
I took fierce pleasure in the icy snow,
The sullen sky, and dead hard-frozen shore,
And windy moan and strife.
But summer, with its thrill and murmurous flow,
Its languor of delight—I shrank before!

Come—I remember a deep wood—come quick!
Which for this many a year I have not seen,
So 'tis not poisoned with my fancy sick—
Here through this gate—Oh! the cool, the green,
Soothes me to quiet, as a mother's hand
Hushes her restless child; this quiv'ring light,

And sigh of beechen leaves, this mossy thyme,
The distant purple land
Crowning the long low hills, is like the sight
Of half-forgotten faces; for that time

When we walked here together, ere you went,
That was the last; then I was young and fair,
And you not grave as now, and gray and bent,
A weary woman, sorrow-touch'd, with hair
And face and form time-chang'd, such I've grown —

No, no! you cannot want me as you say;
You say so out of pity; let me die
As I have liv'd — alone!
How can I share your life? a shadow gray,
To harass and to haunt you — no — not I!

You have had liberty, and change, and choice,
All a man's part, although beyond the sea,
While I have had to live with my own voice
And face and fancies, and have had to see
My life to autumn fading ere its spring.
Faithful you call me? Faithful? Oh, love,
no!

Here let me tell you, kneeling at your feet,
Nay, let me weeping cling!
I have been faithless, hard; and even so,
Of such black doubt I glean the harvest meet!

The day you went youth died. Was it then strange
That faith died too, and tender hope and trust,
And all that keeps us young? I said, no change
Can henceforth come for me. I basely thrust
Your promise and your solemn oath aside.
For ten long years I have dishonour'd you,
Dishonouring your word, with dark despair
And bitter doubting pride!
You have been faithful — (God reward you!) — true.
But I? — my love! my love! how could I dare!

HE.

You poor woman, hush! I will not hear
Another word against yourself. I know
Your loveless life of constant care and fear
Spent serving him who laid our love-hopes low,

Hush, listen, for us both I best can speak;
Rise from your lowly kneeling. By my side,
Close to my heart, sweet wife (for wife you'll be
Before another week),
Must be your place henceforth! Long-chosen bride!

Among all women, you alone for me!

I know you better than you know yourself;
You cannot but be happy with my love,
So strong, so patient. I, who trust myself,
Will make you trust me, and great God above

Will give his blessing, and will make our life
A ceaseless song of joy; and I shall make
A golden radiance of your eventide;
So you will trust me, wife!
Poor face, each line is sacred for love's sake,
I would not wish these ten years' marks to hide!

Weeping for me has made those eyes so sad;
Thinking of me has traced that careworn brow!

Now, love, I mean to teach you to be glad,
Now gay and restful, and light-hearted now.
So we will spend our peaceful wedded life,
And in that better life above, believe
That we shall have our spring-time's green delight!
Give me your hand, my wife;
Look at the future through my eyes, and weave
Your sad thoughts with my hopes and visions bright!

AUSTRIAN ANXIETIES.—Vienna. Great as our anxiety is here about the events of the war, it would astonish a stranger to observe the far greater interest with which men discuss the probabilities that are to follow it. Now that it is almost a certainty France must be beaten, the whole curiosity is to speculate on what terms Prussia will exact in a peace, and what line she will take towards the other European States.

Among military men but one opinion prevails, that the next campaign will be against Austria, and, in proportion as this opinion gains converts among civilians, the conviction is spreading that Austria should have armed at once on the outbreak of the war, and made, as she might have done, her own terms with Prussia for the integrity of the Austrian Empire.

Every regret that the French Emperor has confessed to for his own quiescence in the war of 1866, every admission he has made of his folly in not having taken advantage of Prussia's being engaged in a great struggle to seize on the Rhine Provinces — all that generosity of which he reminded Count Bismarck, and which the wily Prussian accepted with a scornful and sneering complacency, seem exactly applicable as lessons to the Austrian politicians of the day. Just as Prussia left the Rhine frontier unguarded in 1866 she has left the whole of Silesia without troops now. It is true that in the late struggle with Austria the event was so quickly decided that there was not time for France to determine on a course of action, if she was not willing to risk a very bold stroke. Here, however, Austria has watched day by day the progress of the struggle; and, though it is very far from being over, she may certainly speculate on the most probable termination of the war.

It is indeed rumoured that Count Beust was for a long time undecided as to the course Austria should follow, and it is currently believed that English influence alone determined him to a neutrality. The story which has general acceptance among those who affect at least a certain knowledge of passing events is this. Russia made it understood at Vienna that she herself had stipulated with Prussia that no provocation should be given to Austria, nor any pretext held out by which the area of the war should be widened. So far, all was well; but she has

lately gone farther, and declared that in recompence for this service on her part she has established a right to "guarantee Austrian neutrality, even to the extent of deciding what amount of force she should keep under arms, and by what limit her warlike preparations should be bounded."

If Austria could have endured the insolence of this pretension while it remained a secret, it was no longer possible to submit to it when the matter got abroad and became subject of daily discussion; hence the great activity which within a week or so has been displayed at Olmutz, Linz, and Prague, and hence that note of preparation which has gone forth from Galicia to the South Tyrol, and which is even heard in the far provinces of the east of the empire.

To believe, as the Italian press would like to impress on us, that these measures are taken in conjunction with Italy, and are secretly intended to serve the cause of France, would be a great error. Situated as Austria is with regard to Hungary, any measures beyond those purely defensive would be impossible; and the most rancorous anti-Prussian in the Empire — and there are not a few — would never think of counsellng a policy of aggression.

There was, indeed, a very considerable party — they were known as the "Major-Generals," being chiefly soldiers of a certain rank — who would have pushed Austria into a war with Prussia the day the troops of North Germany crossed the Rhine. The overwhelming successes of the Prussian arms have, however, done more to refute the arguments of these people than all the logic of mere words, and it is only justice to them to say that they were among the first to acknowledge the marvellous organization and splendid valour which have achieved success. Whatever, therefore, may seem vacillating and uncertain in the policy of the Cabinet may easily be understood by bearing in mind the narrow path it has to walk and the perils which lie on either hand; and, though Austrian secession from the Concordat has certainly drawn closer the ties which unite her to Italy, she is cautious not to involve herself in the complications of Italian politics, which would speedily be taken up by her own frontier population in the Adriatic.